



# The Grail

DECEMBER, 1931

*Mother Maguire's Surprise*

MARY WINDEATT

*A Real Christmas Gift*

FLORENCE T. HAYLER

*The Christmas Spirit*

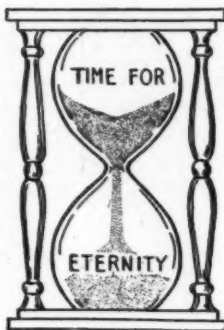
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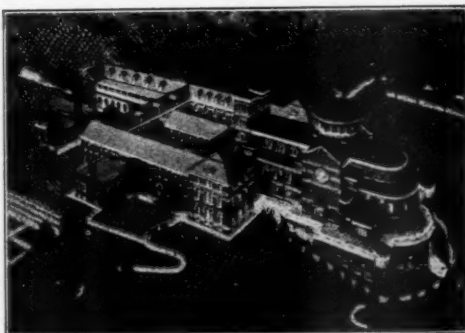
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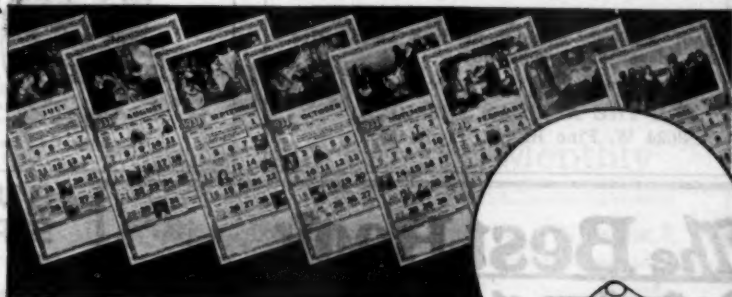
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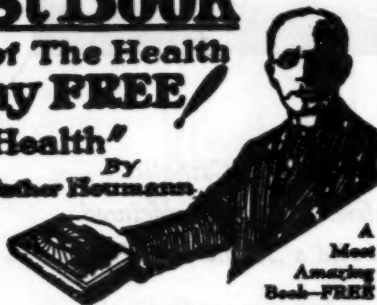
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**THE ABEY PRESS,**  
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# The Grail

A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

VOLUME 13

DECEMBER, 1931

NUMBER 8

## CONTENTS

EDITOR'S PAGE .....	341
LITURGICAL JOTTINGS .....	Victor Dux, O. S. B. 342
THE HEART OF NEW LIFE—(Poem) .....	Dom Hugh G. Bevenot, O. S. B. 342
MOTHER MAGUIRE'S SURPRISE .....	Mary Windeatt 343
THE SORROWING ANGEL—(Poem) .....	Edith Tatum 345
A REAL CHRISTMAS GIFT .....	Florence T. Hayler 346
MOTHER COLUMBA COX—VISITATION NUN ..	Sr. M. Frideswide, O. S. B. 349
A DIAMOND SACERDOTAL JUBILEE .....	B. G. Brown 352
THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM—(Poem) .....	Mary E. Mannix 354
THE BALE OF LINEN .....	Jack White 355
"I GOTTA BOOK" .....	Cecilia Mary Young 359
THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT .....	Margaret C. Moloney 362
SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES FOR COLLEGE MEN ..	Burton Confrey, Ph. D. 364
THE CAROLLERS—(Poem) .....	Mary Windeatt 367
I AM GOING TO BETHLEHEM—(Poem) .....	Philip Hugh 367
NOTES OF INTEREST .....	368
KWEERY KORNER .....	Rev. Henry Courtney, O. S. B. 370
OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONS .....	Clare Hampton 371
CHILDREN'S CORNER .....	Agnes Brown Hering 373
ABBEY AND SEMINARY .....	375
MAID AND MOTHER .....	Clare Hampton 378
DR. HELEN'S CONSULTING ROOM .....	Helen Hughes Hielacher, M. D. 383

THE GRAIL, a national, popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Member of the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BEHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

New Subscriptions and Renewals \$3.00 per year, \$5.00 for two years.

Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional per year.

Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U. S. A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1927; authorized June 5, 1919.

When you send in a change of address, or a complaint, please include with your letter the wrapper or the corner of the magazine on which your name and address appear.

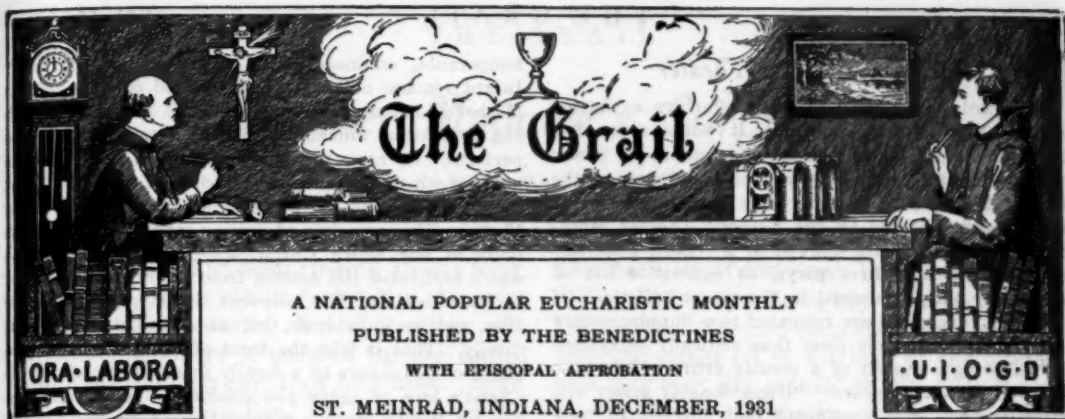
Make all checks, drafts, postal and express money orders payable to "The Abbey Press." Do not use or add any other name.

Address manuscripts to the editor.

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LET'S HASTEN TO ADORE HIM



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

### *Lighted but not Enlightened*

In the recent death of Thomas A. Edison a great light has been extinguished. By diligent application of an inventive genius with which he was endowed by the Creator, Mr. Edison drew forth from their hiding places wonderful powers of nature that he found lurking there. These he lured forth into the open and compelled them—to scatter the darkness of night, to flood the home, the hamlet, the city with light, and to serve his fellow men in a multitude of other ways almost without number. We shall always remain his debtors. But death has now removed him from our midst, yet his discoveries, like the luminous trail of a comet, will shine on and on, so long as man shall inhabit the globe.

In this material light this truly great man did not discover in his laboratory the Maker of all light, the true light that enlighteneth the world. The brilliance of his successes may have helped to keep him in spiritual darkness. Be this as it may, we are assured that Mr. Edison had some notion of a Supreme Being, but from all accounts his light was dim, of uncertain candle power, in the formative period.

A light that is not to be found in the workshop has now dawned in the realms of eternity for this great genius—a light that enlightens the interior, that scatters the darkness of sin and ignorance, that shows the transcendent beauty of virtue, the value of good works and points the way to eternal happiness in which faith fades out of the picture and knowledge takes its place.

### *Happy Birthday!*

Similarly to Lent, which is still observed as a strictly penitential season, to prepare the faithful for keeping the joyful Eastertide, Advent serves as a preparation for a Merry Christmas. While Lent is kept in memory of the forty-days' fast and the sufferings and death of the Savior, Advent is a reminder of the centuries that intervened between the fall of our first parents and the coming of the promised Messiah. During this long period of time the Jews prayed and

pleaded that the earth might bud forth a Savior. They besought God with tears and sighs to have pity on them and send the Redeemer He had promised their forefathers.

Advent shows forth this spirit of penance in the violet vestments worn by the clergy at the altar, by the Masses, the Divine Office, and other liturgical functions, and by repeating over and over again in the prayers of the liturgy the petitions and the sighs of the Jews that the Prince of Peace might come to establish peace in our hearts. "Come, O Lord! Do not delay!"

Our unworthiness, our sinfulness, our constant inclination to evil, combined with our great weakness, should cause us to enter heartily into these fervent petitions that God may have pity on us likewise; that He may come into our hearts to take up His dwelling there.

Christ is the Prince of Peace. Where He dwells there is true peace. The enemy of our salvation can have no part with Him. He is the Light of the World. The heart that is illumined by the divine light—of grace, cannot at the same time be clouded by sin. Come, Lord Jesus, be born anew in our hearts, and may these hearts be as welcome a resting place to Thee as the straw of the stable on which Thou didst lie. The times are evil, dear Infant Jesus. Unite us to Thee with the bond of love, and may this bond between us never be broken again by mortal sin. It was out of love alone for sinful me that brought Thee down from heaven to a wretched life on earth. Thy love and Thy mercy fill me with confidence.

Happy Birthday, dear Jesus! Happy Birthday! May each recurring year bring Thee a happy birthday—happy in the number of conversions from the state of sin to a life of grace, happy in the return of the lost sheep of Thy Father's house, happy in the winning of multitudes who sit in the darkness of error, paganism and superstition, happy in the ever-increasing number of the elect. Again, dear Jesus, Happy Birthday!

Merry Christmas to all our readers!

### *Increasingly Bad Theater*

In regard to the class of stage offerings submitted to New York dramatic patrons, it would seem that the "enlightened" metropolis is doing all in its power to make itself more closely resemble Babylon of the time of the prophets. Two years ago the period of three months covered by the Catholic Theater Movement's autumn bulletin allowed of a report, generally favorable, on fifty-three plays, as against a list of only thirty plays contained in the recent bulletin. Of the latter, nine plays are relegated to a Supplementary List, and of the whole class thus critically ostracized the following comment of a secular critic will be sufficient to show the nature: "Unpardonably grimy and disreputable." It is significant that "Streets of New York," a revival of the Catholic Actors Guild, is meeting with the old successes of years ago. The Catholic Actors' Guild has adopted active measures to clean up the New York stage. In a letter addressed to 3000 members of the Playgoers Club, it says: "Individually we will never be able to make ourselves. Collectively, as a body representing so many theater tickets, we will force the recognition of each and every element of the present day commercial theater." V. D.

### *New Film Releases*

The Motion Picture Bureau of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae lists among other new releases for the month of November, the following as suitable for the family: The Beloved Bachelor (Paramount), Over The Hill (Fox), Way Back Home (R. K. O.). The last named subject is rated as excellent. The stars are Phillips Lord, Effie Palmer, and Frank Albertson. Will Roger's latest picture, Ambassador Bill, a Fox Production, is also given commendation. V. D.

### *Liturgical Jottings*

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

#### CHRISTMAS—A PANACEA

Temperance, mildness, peace, charity—the very marrow of the beautiful Christmas season is again poured abroad! Many and deep are the wounds which are soothed and healed by these medicinal virtues of the humble Christ. How thankful we, that we can once more place our human infirmities beneath the rays cast by the Star of Bethlehem, and watch them dwindle away under the soft radiance of the great, overwhelming sense of our own Christmas peace!

#### THE POWER OF THE BABE

The astonished world can not fathom the secret of the Christ Child's power of attraction over men's hearts. Yet it is with these same persuading cords—

temperance, mildness, peace, charity—that the lowly Infant reaches out beyond the limited confines of His Mother's fond embrace to encircle the entire globe with His attracting influence. His is a mighty work to perform. He came to unite man to God in Himself, a purpose which He later on embodied in words: "That they may be one as We also are One." (St. John 17:22.) This principle of uniting man to God through unity is one which Christ never lost sight of, one which motivated His actions from the crib itself. And so He willed that His followers should pay homage to Him, not as individuals, but as a united body, as a family. That is why the feast of Christmas bears so much of the nature of a family feast. It recalls to us Christ's love of unity and concord. Its annual celebration should cause a reanimation of mutual charity and peaceful unity in the bosom of every Christian family.

Analyze the Blessed Sacrament—you'll find It made up chiefly of Love!

Nothing short of mortal sin ought to hinder us from approaching the Communion rail every Sunday.

One good Communion is worth ten thousand acts of mortification.

### *The Heart of New Life*

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

When the angels encircled Bethlehem  
Their song was "Gloria!"  
But what was the prayer they uttered there  
To the joy of the Virgin Maria?

"Beat, Sacred Heart, in the small shrine  
Of Jesu's breast divine;  
Beat with pulsing of new grace  
For all that helplessly-sinking race,  
And make them wholly Thine.

"For a numbing night of lurid light  
Befogs their common sense;—  
As when the evening's mantle is cast  
And darkens the groves, and sweet bird-song has  
passed  
Into mournful somnolence.

"Let Thy lips' light breath be a Spirit of dawn  
Such as breezes round Lebanon;  
Let the light of Thine eyes be the breaking of morn  
When the fight over night is won.

"To those who have *lost all heart* let Thy Heart  
Restore their craven estate;  
To those who have *lost their soul* impart  
New life, and satiate  
The hunger of the world for Thee,  
Quintessence of Divinity!"



## Mother Maguire's Surprise

MARY WINDEATT

THE front doorbell of Mrs. Maguire's candy shop had been ringing all day long, but in spite of the eleven hours Mrs. Maguire had put in answering it and greeting the Christmas shoppers it ushered in, she smiled happily as the long day drew to a close. Sure, wasn't it Christmas Eve? Who could be out of sorts on such a night, with Timmie, the lamb, coming at ten?

Mrs. Maguire's motherly heart beat faster as she visioned the two of them walking up the church aisle together that night. Timmie was such a grand looking boy, so tall and handsome. The Lord had been good when He had given her such a son. Not once had the boy failed to come home for Christmas, not once in all the seven years since he had gone to work in the big city. And surprises! Such a one the lad was for sending her presents, and she never expecting them.

A sound of frantic pounding on the front door put a momentary end to Mrs. Maguire's fond dreaming. The shop was already closed for the night, and unless it were a friend, she felt sadly tempted not to open up again.

A little girl in a tattered blue sweater stood on the threshold, her pale face lit up by two shining dark eyes.

"Mrs. Maguire, 'tis wrong entirely to be botherin' ye now, but the big brother give me a nickel to buy some sweeties with, and I just had to come!"

"If it isn't little Kitty Malone!" exclaimed the good woman solicitously. "Bless you, alanna, you'll catch your death standing out there in the frost, and you but skin and bones!"

Mrs. Maguire hustled her small customer in anxiously and shut the door against the falling snow.

"And so we have five pennies," she said kindly, while Kitty smiled trustingly up at her. "Sure, and we're not thinkin' of spendin' them all on candy?"

"Please, Mrs. Maguire, ma'am, I'd like some of the red ones in the tall jar—the five for a penny kind, if ye please, ma'am."

Mrs. Maguire smoothed the straight black hair back off of the eager little face.

"Whisht now, colleen, but 'tis a secret I'll be tellin' you. The red candies are no good—the coloring comes off in a whisk of the tongue—and they melt like nothin' at all. Now the peppermints with the stripes, or the peanut briskies, sure *they're* the good ones!" And Mrs. Maguire hurried forward to bring down a jar of both kinds.

But Kitty Malone stood her ground.

"I've had both the peppermint and the briskies, but never the wee red candies," she said shyly. "I'd like a nickel's worth of them, Mrs. Maguire."

The latter shook her head.

"Well, well, 'tis your own money. If your hands be clean enough, asthore, you can pick out your red candies from the jar yourself."

Kitty Malone glowed with the proper enthusiasm at the thought of such an honor.

"As it is, I've just finished laying the supper table," she replied eagerly. "The mither would not have it if my hands weren't clean."

"Well then, come on, dearie, and sit on this big stool and pick out what you will. But while you do be huntin', take a peanut briskie from that box. You'll not find its color comin' off in a leprechaun's wink."

There were sounds of feet approaching on the snowy walk outside, and the doorbell rang again.

"Parcel! parcel for Mrs. Maguire!" called a boy's shrill voice outside.

"The Lord be praised!" exclaimed Mrs. Maguire as she hurried to the door. "If it be from Timmie, the dear lad, him I've not seen for a twelvemonth."

She threw open the door excitedly and took the long slender package the delivery boy thrust into her hands with trembling fingers. In the shop she laid it upon the nearest counter and began to undo the layers of green, white, red, and gilt tissue papers that served as wrappings. From the very center of this mass of color she drew forth a sheaf of crimson roses.

Kitty Malone's deep blue eyes became round with surprise at the sight.

"Ooooh! Mrs. Maguire! Roses at Christmas time!" she squealed, all thought of red candies vanished. "Why, it is just like the folks with palaces and golden dishes!"

"Ah, Kitty darlin', tell me who it is that's sending flowers to an old woman like me—who but my Timmie?"

Her eyes were bright with sudden tears, and the wrinkled brown hands caressed them lovingly. This blessed night she and Timmie himself would take half of them to lay at the Christmas crib. Sure, hadn't they always gone to the Midnight Mass together—ever since Timmie had been a small wee fellow?

"This dropped out of the papers," said Kitty presently, handing her a small engraved card with handwriting on the back.

"Why there, there, *of course*," said Mrs. Maguire brightening. "That is my Tim, the lamb—'tis his own little card that he gives to fine folk up in the city."

"What do the words say?" asked Kitty, overcome with curiosity.

"Nothin' but what I've known all along, alanna. He says he'll be home at ten, and that he has another surprise for me! The biggest surprise yet! Ah, the dear lad, he was always the one for surprises!"

Somewhere in the distance a clock chimed the half hour.

"Mrs. Maguire, I've picked out my red candies, but maybe you'd better see if I've taken too many," said Kitty meekly.

The old woman was looking off dreamily into space.

"Ah now, run along, alanna. 'Tis all right, what ever you've done. Just take an extra briskie for the baby Eileen."

\* \* \* \* \*

The shop was silent once again. All around were shelves laden with jars of candies, spices, and glazed fruit. They glimmered brightly in their fancy wrappings, but Mrs. Maguire had no eyes save for her roses and the little white card with the writing on the back.

"Ah, Timmie lad, sure it's good you've always been to your old mother," she thought wistfully.

In the back parlor, behind the shop, she put

the flowers in water. How wonderful it would be to see him again, after a whole year's absence in the great city. Timmie was such a good boy, such a fine lad. Think of it now—roses for his poor old mother at Christmas time! And another surprise, too! Sure, didn't he always bring her wonderful things when he came? Why already she was the envy of the neighbors, what with that black lace shawl he had sent her one Easter. And the rocking chair with the high back and the soft, springy seat that had come from the big store where he worked; and the sewing machine, too, that went by electricity. Sure, she was much too scared to use it but it made a fine table.

She had been dozing peacefully by the fire when the front doorbell gave a loud peal. That would be Timmie now, she thought, and hurried eagerly to the door. She could see the snow falling outside in gentle whirls, for the large front window of the shop was not quite frosted over. Up the street there was a merry sound of sleigh bells. Feverishly she pulled the latch, while her shaking hand found the electric switch.

A puff of cold air, an eager peering into the frosty darkness, and she was in his arms.

"Oh! Timmie, Timmie lad!" she cried happily, and buried her face against his snow coat, her heart bubbling over with happiness. He was hers, this great strong man, he was her son, *her boy*.

"Mother darling! You got my wire? And the flowers, too?"

His voice was as eager as hers, his dark blue eyes as full of light and happiness.

"Sure, Timmie darlin'! Oh, but 'tis good to set eyes on you again! Come in, laddie, come in out of the snow, and we'll have a cup o' tay. The water's at the hot already!"

She drew him inside, her old wrinkled face all ashine with welcome and joy. He was so tall and strong, this son who was all she had left now, save memories, and her little candy store.

She made as though to close the door against the whirling snow, but Timmie caught her hand and held it gently.

"Wait a minute, mother," he said, and his voice held a strange new timbre. "You remember I said I had another surprise? Well—"

Suddenly Mrs. Maguire saw that he was not alone. Standing in the shadow of the open door was another figure, wrapped in a black seal coat, with a pale heart shaped face peeping up over the collar.

"Mother, this is Marianthe. We—we're married, mother. Come on, honey, this is mother.... I've been telling you about."

Mrs. Maguire swallowed hard.

"I'm pleased to know you, ma'am," she said with a great effort, her hand on Timmie's sleeve, a great fear dawning in her eyes.

"How d'ya do?" said a strange laconic voice. "Gee! you're Timmie's mother all right, all right. And say—has he been telling me about you—"

\* \* \* \* \*

Somehow or other an hour passed, and Mrs. Maguire stirred uneasily in her chair while her eyes sought the clock.

"Timmie, you—the two of you will be coming now, won't you?" she asked humbly. "You remember how we always have to go early—to get a good seat? Father O'Toole do have a little thin voice for such a big man—and a body can't hear in the back—"

She broke off confusedly, while her glance wandered to the slim, nonchalant figure reclining in her best chair.

"You're not telling me you're going out to-night, Timmie?" drawled Marianthe.

Rhinestone buckles glistened in the firelight as she crossed her dainty feet carefully.

"It's only to the Midnight Mass, darling," he hastened. "You know mother and I always make a practice of going together. It's just once a year—and I know you'll like it. The music and the crowds and everything."

Mrs. Maguire's eyes took in the significance of the flicker of heavy eyes lashes and the sudden curl of a mouth the color of little red candies.

"What do you mean—I'll like it? I don't want to move again to-night, except to go to bed. That darn trip down here almost did for me!"

Timmie looked over at his mother imploringly.

"She is tired, Mother. I think maybe I had better stay with her—you see, she doesn't

exactly understand about everything—because—because she's not one of us—yet—"

Mrs. Maguire's face was dull, lifeless, and her fingers trembled as she found her beads and prayer book. Wearily she put on an old black coat and hat and pulled heavy woolen mittens over her hands.

"I'd best be going along then," she said quietly. "The church fills up so soon."

\* \* \* \* \*

The door from the sitting room to the shop closed gently. All around in the semi-darkness gleamed jars and jars of candy—yellow, green, red—colors that melted in a leprechaun's wink. Mrs. Maguire looked at them for a moment. Then with a strange numb sadness in her eyes, she buttoned up her collar and went out into the silence of the snow.

Absent-mindedness is out of place in the presence of the Holy Eucharist.

Many lost souls date the beginning of their fall with an unworthy Communion.

### *Sorrowing Angel*

EDITH TATUM

The Christmas Angel bowed his head and wept—  
(He who had sung while all the village slept),

Remembering that night of song and flame  
When as a Babe the blessed Savior came

In unpretentious poverty and peace  
To give earth's wretched peoples glad release;

Remembering the desert and the fast  
When he and other angels came at last

To bring to Jesus spirit-needs.... He stood  
In dark Gethsemane.... he saw the Rood....

And now before him on the vast earth-plane  
He watched the Christmas dawning come again,

Heard the hideous noise, the careless din,  
The drunken revelry that ushered in

That day of miracle.... Such mockery  
When Jesus died on Calvary!

So while the air with foolish jazzing rings,  
The Angel wept, and sat with folded wings.



## A Real Christmas Gift

FLORENCE T. HAYLER

WHEN Aunt Mary Adkins made her Christmas plum pudding, she washed and seeded raisins, shaved citron thin as tissue, chopped suet into the finest bits imaginable, and reduced great lumps of brown sugar to powder under her rolling-pin. Then having beaten, and stirred, and scraped, and mixed, and having tied the concoction in a flour-lined cloth to protect the contents from the water, she popped the pudding into a kettle of boiling water. There it stood and boiled, and boiled, and boiled, while Aunt Mary sat beside the stove, her slippered feet in the oven, the evening paper in her hand. Occasionally, she lifted the kettle lid to peep in at the pudding, sometimes adding a little hot water from the teakettle that stood on the back of the stove.

Aunt Mary was a generous old soul, whom everybody in Bakerville knew and loved. Though she was poor in worldly goods, she was rich in kind deeds. Never was there a sick person in the village that Aunt Mary didn't carry that one a glass of jelly, a cranberry tart, or a bowl of broth, even though she went without food herself. Never was a tramp turned from her door hungry. Aunt Mary could always spare a piece of bread and butter, or jam, and a cup of hot coffee from her meager store.

To-night as she sat beside the stove, Aunt Mary was thinking of her son, Jack, as usual. Thirteen years before, Jack had entered the "Port of Missing Men." After Jack's father had died, Aunt Mary had married Dave Adkins and taken him and his six motherless children into her heart and home. Jack hadn't liked Dave—nobody in Bakerville liked him, unless it was Aunt Mary; and people said she married him because she was sorry for his children. However that might be, Jack and Dave couldn't agree. They quarreled constantly, till finally Dave told Jack to take his things and get out. That was when, in spite of his mother's pleadings, Jack had left Bakerville, and had never written or visited her since.

Dave was dead now, and his children married and in homes of their own. Old Aunt

Mary was alone; and how she longed for Jack! Suppose he had disregarded her wishes, suppose he had neglected her, and allowed her to worry all these years concerning his whereabouts, Jack was her baby, her only one, and she loved him. She recalled now how Jack liked plum pudding, made from a recipe his great-great-grandmother had brought from England. A lump came into her throat; tears blinded her as she lifted the lid from the steaming kettle and sniffed the sweet, spicy fragrance of the pudding. It was just such a night, Christmas Eve, too, that Jack had left home. She remembered how he had come into the kitchen where she was boiling the pudding and had said he was going. With her arms about his neck she had begged him to wait till after Christmas; but he had shaken his head.

"I—I can't, Mother," he had choked, "I can't stand Dave another day. He's a brute!"

"And yet, you'd leave me alone with him?" she had chided. "Is that the way for a boy to treat his mother?"

Jack's face had gone white.

"You chose him to me, didn't you?" he reminded, pulled himself from her arms, and rushed out of the house.

The Christmas dinner that year had nearly choked Aunt Mary; but she tried to make the day happy for Dave's children.

"Poor dears," she thought, "they never had had a Christmas till they came to live with me. Poor Dave, too! He didn't mean to be hard on them, nor Jack, either. He just didn't understand children. He was kind-hearted, too, else he'd never have scraped and skimmed to keep up that life insurance. He said it was to make up to me for sending Jack away. Foolish man! As if money could ever make up for a lost son!"

She got up and went into her bedroom. From under the newspaper covering the bottom of the top drawer of her bureau, she drew forth an old, black purse. Out of it she took a roll of bills, which she counted one by one—ten,



twenty, thirty—they were all there. Two thousand dollars! She had cashed the check for Dave's life insurance at the treasurer's office, thinking to deposit the amount on her account in the bank; but upon reaching the bank that very afternoon had found it closed. To-morrow would be Christmas and a bank holiday; but she would deposit the money first thing the morning after. Two thousand dollars was too much to have lying around loose. She replaced the money under the newspaper and closed the drawer.

Aunt Mary smiled as she returned to the kitchen.

"No burglar'd expect to find money in this old shack!" She poured more water on the pudding and resumed her seat by the stove. "I don't know why I always make such a big one," referring to the pudding, "but the recipe calls for just so much; and the Martin children are always accommodating about helping me out eating it."

She must have dozed a moment, for the next thing she remembered was of being startled by a knock at the door. Somewhat dazed she staggered across the room. When she opened the door, the light fell upon a tall, gaunt man, with black, bushy eyebrows and full beard. His clothes were old and shabby, his shoes in holes. Aunt Mary wasn't surprised when he asked for food.

"I ain't got much," she told him, "but such as it is, you're welcome to share. Come in to the fire and warm yourself while I set you a bite to eat."

The man stamped the snow from his shoes, pulled off his old, gray cap, and entered.

"Sit here." Aunt Mary indicated the chair she had just vacated. "I guess it's right smart cold out to-night."

"The wind's around in the northwest," answered the stranger. "The snow's like ice cutting a person's face." He sniffed hungrily, "Making a plum pudding, eh?" his tired, blue eyes brightened.

Aunt Mary nodded.

"For to-morrow! My boy—" but she never finished her sentence, for at that moment a sharp rap shook the door.

The stranger leaped up.

"Hide me somewhere, quick! Hide me!"

His voice was low and tense. "Let me hide before you open the door." His eyes sought some place of concealment.

Too astonished and bewildered to question, Aunt Mary hastily raised a trapdoor in the floor.

"In here," she said, as another knock sounded.

The tall man quickly folded himself down into the small opening. Aunt Mary, breathless now, lowered the door, and over it pulled a washtub full of snow she was melting. Then at a fiercer, heavier pounding she turned, opened the kitchen door, and was startled to behold two, big, brawny policemen, one of whom she recognized as Mike Brady.

Both officers stepped inside.

"Where's your visitor?" Brady glanced about the room suspiciously.

"Visitor?" Aunt Mary was the picture of innocence.

"The man who came in here a few minutes ago?" snapped the second officer, whom Brady addressed as "Walters."

"Oh, the tramp?" asked Aunt Mary. "Sure and I didn't have nothing for him. Isn't it a hard enough time I have buying food for myself?"

"You don't mean he's not here?" Brady's big, brown eyes opened wide.

"Well, we'll just have a look around anyway," put in Walter, and wedged his great bulk through the narrow space between the table and stove, and into the living room.

Aunt Mary watched them furtively, praying the while that the empty room would satisfy them. On into the bedroom they marched. Now her pulses raced as she bethought herself of the money in the drawer. What if this were but a ruse to rob her? She went and stood leaning against the bureau while the officers searched closet and clothespress.

"He'd be a magician if he could hide in this cheese box," commented Brady, returning to the kitchen. "We might search the henhouse. Where's your flashlight?"

Walters produced the flashlight, and the two left the house, Brady stumbling over the washtub while making his exit.

Once they were outside, and the door had closed after them, Aunt Mary breathed easier.

She stooped to pull the washtub back to its place beside the stove, and was about to release her prisoner, knowing he was none too comfortable in those narrow quarters, when a heavy step on the porch startled her. Before she could straighten up, the officers had burst into the room.

"Just a moment, Madam," Walters advanced toward the trapdoor only partially hidden now by the tub, "I'll have a look down there." With that he dragged the tub to one side, and lifted the door, "Humph!" he regarded Brady scornfully, "What'd I tell you?"

Brady bent to look into the blackness of the hole.

"Better come out of there, brother," adjured Walters. "Come out, or I'll bring you out!"

No answer! Just a deathlike stillness!

The wind was howling like wild animals about the cottage now, rattling doors and windows, and tearing at the casements as though bent on destruction. The lump in Aunt Mary's throat was all but choking her as she saw Walters lean over the aperture. She could taste the salt water in the back of her mouth.

Walters turned his flashlight full on the darkness below him. It revealed only dust, and cobwebs, and dank smelling mold.

He hesitated a moment, glanced at Brady, then deliberately crawled down into the hole. Aunt Mary heard a grunt, a muffled sound; and Walters' head emerged above the floor.

"Better come on out peaceably, old man, for we've got you!" he climbed back up into the kitchen, and dusted the dirt and cobwebs from his clothes.

There followed a twisting, squirming under the floor; then the black-haired, bewhiskered stranger rose to view.

"Now, Madam, let me tell you something," Walters' square jaw became rigid, "this bum knew you had two thousand dollars in the house. He came here to rob you. Now, what do you think of lying to us to shield a thief, from whom we wanted to protect you?"

Aunt Mary's knees suddenly gave out. She leaned against the table for support.

"I—I—" she began, but the stranger interrupted.

"Since when can't a fellow come home for

Christmas, without being accused of trying to rob his own mother?"

The officers exchanged significant glances.

"What'd you hide for, then?" Walters asked skeptically.

"Because I thought you were somebody else?" answered the man.

"Oh, yeah?" sneered Walters. "Your pals, eh? Well, they're safe in jail. Next time your gang plans to rob a poor widow you'd better choose a hide-out a little further removed from officers' quarters, for Brady and I sleep with our ears open." With that he drew from his pockets a pair of handcuffs.

At sight of the manacles, Aunt Mary caught her breath.

"The boy speaks the truth," she declared, and turning to Brady, "You surely remember how my son, Jack, went away years ago? He'd just come in when I heard your footsteps. Thinking it might be somebody after him, I hid him. Sure and you couldn't blame a woman for shielding her son!"

"If that don't beat the ponies!" ejaculated Brady. "Sure I remember Jack's running away! So now he's come back," he smiled and rubbed his hairy hands together. "Well, I wish you a merry Christmas. Sure I do!" He backed toward the door.

"But, listen, Madam," admonished Walters, "that won't excuse your harboring a prisoner, if we prove anything on your son. We got evidence he's traveling with a dangerous gang."

With that the officers departed, leaving Aunt Mary alone with the disreputable stranger. Trembling she turned her kind, gray eyes toward him.

"May the dear Lord forgive me!" she prayed aloud. "I just couldn't let them take you. Thirteen years ago to-night Jack left home. Hundreds of times I've imagined him in a jam just like this. It wasn't that he was a bad boy either; but a person, knocking about the world, like you and him can meet a lot of temptations."

To her astonishment, the stranger burst out laughing.

"Don't you know me yet, mother?" he held out his arms. "I'm Jack! Why, I'd know you any place!"

Still Aunt Mary hesitated. "Oh, but you—but I—" she broke off putting her hand to her forehead.

"Just wait till I get this beard shaved off! See here," he pulled from inside his shirt a tiny cross on a narrow silk ribbon. "Did you ever see that before? Do you think with your little cross always with me I could ever steal from any one?"

Aunt Mary waited no longer.

With a glad cry of "Jack, my Jack!" she was in his strong arms, her own about his neck, her cheek pressed close to his.

Later as they sat eating bacon and eggs, hastily prepared by Aunt Mary, Jack told his story. He had been out of work for months and, finally, started to walk home. In Kansas City he caught a ride with a couple of young fellows bound for Bakerville, at least that was what they said after hearing his destination.

"We got here at noon," Jack went on, "but the boys asked me to stay in the room they'd rented, which, by the way, must have been near police headquarters, till they went out on business. I promised to watch their things till they came back. They returned about an hour ago. Meantime they had found out that you cashed that check this afternoon, and where you lived. Your name being different from mine, they never suspected we were any relation. They demanded I come here, get the money, and divide up with them to pay for my ride out here. They cautioned me to return in half

an hour or they'd get me and string me up to the first tree." He paused for breath, and Aunt Mary laid her frail, transparent hand on his brown one that lay on the table.

"When I heard the officers," Jack's weary eyes smiled into hers, "I thought it was those boys. I hid because I figured if they found I wasn't here, they'd think I'd gotten the money and skipped. In that case they'd hotfoot it after me." He squeezed his mother's hand, "And are you glad I've come home?"

"Glad?" Tears came to Aunt Mary's eyes. "Haven't I prayed for this day and night ever since you went away? Haven't I made you a plum pudding every Christmas Eve since? Aren't you the only real Christmas gift I ever wanted?"

Aunt Mary, brushing away her tears, crept to the front door just as the clock in a nearby steeple was striking twelve. She looked out into the crispy, clear moonlight, for the wind had gone down now and the snow lay soft and unsullied, a blanket of glistening diamonds, over everything. How peaceful it all was! What happiness filled her heart! She called Jack to come and hear the carollers who were passing.

At her summons Jack joined her on the small porch, and, with his arm about her waist, one had clasped closely in both hers, they listened to the singing of "Peace on Earth, Goodwill Toward Men," as it came to them to-night with a new meaning, a new sweetness.

## Mother Columba Cox --- Visitation Nun

SR. M. FRIDESWIDE, O. S. B.

(Continued)

THE zeal of Mother Columba could not be confined to the novitiate or the community alone. We find her named as first mistress of the school, where the children found a large part in her affections. Her natural inclination would have led her to take the supreme command of all their education, especially religious instructions, but in this she had to submit to the traditions of the house, which placed all the spiritual direction under the chaplain. Among her pupils were her three younger sis-

ters: Euphemia, Mary Anne, and Sarah, all like their elder sister, pious, simple and unworldly. They all three died of consumption upon leaving school, testifying by their death the purity of their intentions and the holiness of their short lives. Even in the school death was to visit one very dear to her, a little cousin, Anna Fletcher, whose last resting place was to be with the Nuns of the Visitation.

Among all these occupations Mother Columba found place and time for intellectual works. She translated the famous book of Fa-



ther Faber, "All for Jesus." Its admirable doctrine appealed to her and she longed to make it known to the community, and great was their joy when they found that she had it published in French. Being quite ignorant that the rights of translation are reserved by the author, she failed to get the requisite permission, so it went through the press under very difficult and trying circumstances.

An event of great interest and glory for the Church occupied the minds of every Catholic at this time, the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception by Pius IX. Mother Columba was the first to hear the news sent by telegram from Rome. Her joy was unbounded as she hastened to communicate the message to the community. Preparations were at once begun for keeping the feast with all the pomp and ceremony possible. The sad loss of the Bishop of Le Mans in 1855 put an end to it all. An epidemic of cholera morbus, which claimed many victims within a few hours, had broken out in the town. The Bishop with his attendants was setting out for Rome when he was seized and died in the South of France. The convent was also attacked and a nun and child died, also several retainers. The scourge visited Paris and the awful havoc affected there is described by the novelist Dumourier.

Although circumstances prevented the new feast from being kept with solemnity, great graces were obtained through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady, invoked under the title of the Immaculate Conception. To the great joy of Mother Columba she was admitted by her confessors to daily Communion—a grace she had prayed for all her life,—one very rarely granted in those days. "The desire of Holy Communion consumes me," she said. "From the age of seven it has been my ardent wish. It is for That that I live and die to myself. I find rest and refreshment only in the Body and Blood of Christ. Nevertheless I find my joy in doing the Will of God to which I devote myself."

It was this hunger and thirst after the Bread of Life that caused those periods of languor and weakness to which she was subject. Days on which she had not received Holy Communion were days of debility and a faintness that she strove courageously to overcome, fearing

that it was a temptation of the evil one. But Our Lord Himself compensated her for this suffering by an augmentation of spiritual delights at the moment she received Holy Communion. "When I feel the coming of Jesus Christ, my heart beats with joy, a sweet calm takes possession of my senses, and if I did not resist, I should become unconscious. I am, as it were, engulfed in an ocean of love and mercy."

To understand adequately these graces it is necessary that God should give to the soul an experimental knowledge. Mother Columba understood, as few chosen souls have done, the secret of Divine Love reserved by God for those who are truly united to Him. He no longer shows Himself behind the veil as a hidden God, but reveals Himself in the plenitude of His love. "Oh, no!" exclaimed Mother Columba, "you are not a hidden God. Faith sees you clearly and love finds you, tastes you, and binds itself to you. Some say: 'Oh! God, Thou art love,' others, 'Thou art Almighty, sovereign, infinite,' but I say Thou art love and nought but love. Oh! Jesus, give me such purity as to attract Thee, give me that new life that will broaden by existence in Thy infinite immensity."

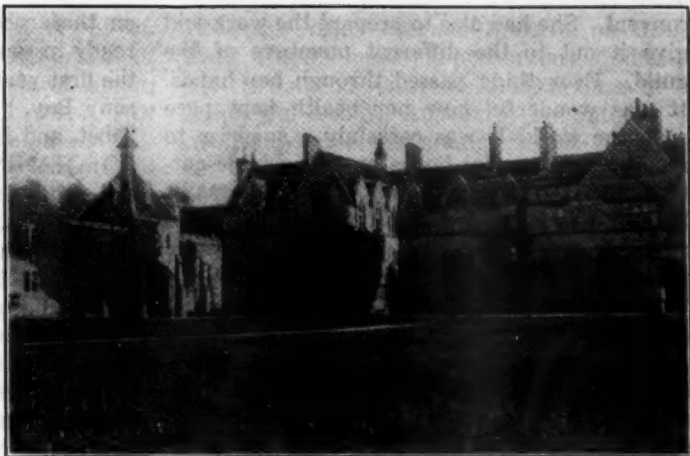
Her constant cry was, "Give us this day our daily bread! Why do you let me live, O Lord, if it is not to love, adore and receive you?"

The more God enriched her soul with graces the stronger became her fear of God, that fear which chases away all sin and works out our salvation in fear and trembling. True to the resolution of her younger days she fled from every occasion of the smallest sin that might tarnish her soul.

Her great love for apostolic work showed itself in various ways? Not only were her earnest supplications offered for the salvation of souls in general, but she besought God to choose one special apostle as a patron for each European nation, especially for her dear England overshadowed by heresy. Approaching the Blessed Virgin, she begged vocations for the priesthood for 9,000 young men in honor of the nine choirs of Angels. Knowing with what fervor she gave herself to prayer before beginning any apostolic work, more than one missionary wrote to her from foreign lands, say-



ing: "All the dangers that we encounter do not frighten us. Although we have no cannon to defend us from enemies, we know that you are praying for us, and your prayers are more efficacious than guns." Another missionary, called the apostle of Japan, wrote in 1857: "Oh, pray for us. Your spiritual alms are even more precious to us than your material alms. The missionary stands in great need of them to support him in his labors. Pray that God may hasten the time of His harvest in favor of these poor souls."



BROXWOOD COURT

In fact, from all parts of the far East fervent petitions came to Mother Columba to raise her arms to Heaven like Moses on the Mount, whilst the laborers were working in the plain. This apostolic spirit was essentially Mother Columba's vocation and those souls whom she encouraged were noted for their usefulness in the Church. She was styled 'the Providence of the Missions' in the many enthusiastic letters sent to her from all parts of the world.

The Seminary for Foreign Missions was also of great interest to her and she acted as a real mother to several of the young candidates. In 1857 one of these wrote to her, saying, that her prayers and advice alone had helped him to overcome seemingly invincible obstacles, and that he looked up to her as his mother. His confidence was not misplaced and Mother Columba kept up a motherly correspondence for many years. When in the midst of his labors in 1881 he wrote: "The happy days of a missionary, my dear Mother, are rare, but when I receive your letter, God accompanies it with so many graces that the sorrows of exile are soothed and I am made happy for a long time." These are only a few examples of the way she followed up her missionaries, several of whom became bishops and always retained an affectionate gratitude for their adopted mother. One especially, who became a Vicar Apostolic, was endeared to Mother Columba. Before his ordination she heard from the Superior of the

seminary that his parents resented his vocation and refused to supply him with absolute necessities. She at once made a collection among her friends, and was able to present him with an entire sacerdotal outfit. This act of charity secured his lifelong gratitude. It was only the prelude to many acts of a similar kind towards the clients of the priesthood. As their Ordination drew near she would prepare her offering of altar linen and vestments and label it, "For the poorest missionary about to start for the foreign missions." These parcels were received with the greatest gratitude by the rector of the seminary, as the 250 young men under his charge had but scanty means to depend on. In this way Mother Columba sowed the seeds of a work which was to be organized on a vast scale after her death under the title of *OEuvre des Tabernacles, Work for Poor Churches*.

This work was established for secular ladies in 1858 by Monseigneur Nanquette. Its object was to supply the necessary articles for divine worship to the poor churches of the diocese, as well as those of foreign missions. The guild spread so rapidly that in a few years it was known all over France, and now there is at least one house in England.

Mother Columba was asked by her bishop to join this guild and make her workroom the headquarters for Le Mans. She had to keep the accounts and receive tickets of admission, offerings of money and materials, and preside once a week over the guild, which met at the

convent. She had also to prepare the work and give it out to the different members of the guild. Everything passed through her hands. It was wonderful how her health kept pace with the work. It was certainly a surprise to see her standing for hours at a long table cutting and arranging all that was necessary. Since the day hours did not suffice, hampered as they were by the daily observance, she obtained leave to prolong her work into the night. "The amount of work she did was a miracle in itself," said an elderly nun. "And when we remonstrated with her for the strain on her health, she replied: 'Well, others must never suffer from my rest from work, so what else can I do but to go on? Fear nothing, love is stronger than death.'"

Every month opened with an exhibition of work done for the missions at which His Lordship presided and arranged the distribution. Mother Columba was never happier than when

on these occasions huge chests were packed ready to send to the foreign missions. During the first year these missions were served: Hudson Bay, India, Canton, Mysore, Dacca, Tibet, and Japan.

In 1859 Pius IX approved the guild and enriched it with indulgences. Three years later Mother Columba received from His Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of Propaganda, the following letters: "I have received with pleasure the news you sent me. I repeated it to the Holy Father in my audience on the 17th of August. His Holiness was much pleased to hear of the success obtained in the foreign missions, and confidently hopes that the Sisters of the Visitation, always animated with true zeal, will ever increase the good they are doing in the Church. He renews His approbation for 'L'Oeuvre des Tabernacles,' and sends His Blessing to all who contribute to the work."

(To be continued)

## *A Diamond Sacerdotal Jubilee*

B. G. BROWN

WEDNESDAY, October 28, 1931, was one of autumn's loveliest, balmy, sunshiny days. With open doors St. Benedict's Church at Evansville, Indiana, extended a hearty welcome to the many friends of Father Bede Maler, O. S. B., who was that day celebrating the diamond jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. A large number of prelates, priests, and religious, besides a goodly number of the laity had assembled for the happy occasion. The venerable jubilarian, around whom the festivities centered, arrived from St. Mary's Hospital, where he is chaplain, half an hour before the Solemn Jubilee High Mass, which he was to offer up to God as a worthy thank offering for the sixty long years that Divine Providence had allotted to him in the sacred ministry. The celebrant and his assistants vested in the rectory; the visiting clergy donned cassock and surplice in the school hall, whence they marched past the rectory to the church. The prelates with their chaplains and the celebrant with the officers of the Mass brought up the rear of the colorful procession.

The priests' choir of Indianapolis, alumni of St. Meinrad Seminary, who sang the music of the Mass, elicited numerous encomiums by their singing of the sacred music. At one o'clock a banquet was served in the Reitz Memorial High School.

The celebrant of the Jubilee Mass was assisted by the Rev. Vincent Wagner, O. S. B., as assistant priest; the Very Rev. Chas. Van Tourenhout, of St. Genevieve, Mo., and the Rev. Frederic Ketter, of St. Anthony Church, Evansville, were deacon and subdeacon respectively; Fathers Andrew Bauer, O. S. B., Eberhard Olinger, O. S. B., John Thuis, O. S. B., and Dr. Elmer J. Ritter, rector of the cathedral at Indianapolis, were masters of ceremonies.

Assisting at the Mass from his throne in the sanctuary was the Ordinary of the diocese, Most Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., who preached an eloquent sermon on the excellence of the priesthood. Father Martin Hoppenjans, O. S. B., rector of St. Benedict's Church acted in the capacity of assistant priest to His Ex-

cellency; the Rev. James J. Pfeiffer, of St. Wendel, and the Rev. John H. Hillebrand, of St. Boniface Church, were deacons of honor, while the Rev. Jos. E. Hamill, Ph. D., of Indianapolis, was master of ceremonies.

Other prelates in the sanctuary were Most Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland; Most Rev. Emmanuel B. Ledvina, D. D., Bishop of Corpus Christi; Most Rev. Henry Althoff, D. D., Bishop of Belleville. Four mitred Abbots occupied priedieus on the epistle side of the sanctuary opposite the throne: Rt. Rev. Ignatius Esser, O. S. B., Abbot Coadjutor of St. Meinrad; Rt. Rev. Bernard Menges, O. S. B., Abbot of St. Bernard's Abbey, Cullman, Ala.; Rt. Rev. Bernard H. Pennings, O. Praem., Abbot of St. Norbert's Abbey, West De Pere, Wis.; Rt. Rev. Chrysostom Schmid, O. S. B., Archabbot Coadjutor of St. Ottilien in Bavaria.

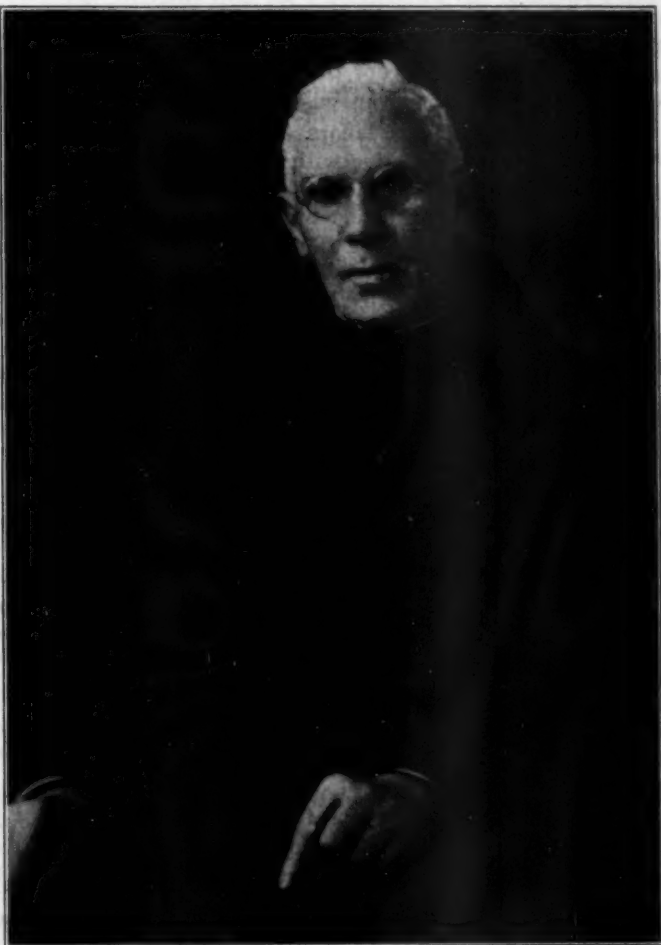
Within the spacious sanctuary were also seven monsignori: Rt. Rev. Charles Curran, New Albany; Rt. Rev. F. B. Dowd, Indianapolis; Rt. Rev. F. A. Roell, Richmond, Ind.; Rt. Rev. Francis P. Ryves and Rt. Rev. F. X. Unterreitmeier, both of Evansville; Rt. Rev. F. H. Huesmann, Templeton, Ia.; Rt. Rev. Jos. Seliger, Jefferson City, Mo. Rt. Rev. Mgr. F. L. Gassler, of Baton Rouge, La., took his place among the clergy.

Added to these dignitaries were approximately 200 priests of the regular and secular clergy, who occupied front pews in the body of the church. Among the religious orders represented were Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans, Premontsratensians, Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, Fathers and Brothers of the Holy Cross, Vincentians. Various sisterhoods and prominent laymen, besides a large outpouring of the congregation, filled the church, which seats 1100.

Father Bede Maler, the subject of this brief sketch, was born at

Aeschach near Lindau, Bavaria, on Oct. 6, 1848. Having made his preliminary studies for the priesthood with the Benedictines of St. Stephen's Abbey, Augsburg, he entered the novitiate of that community in 1868. On October 24 of the following year he pronounced his vows and on Oct. 21, 1871, he was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Pancratius von Dinkel. His philosophical and theological studies were made at the universities of Munich and Wuerzburg.

Coming to America in 1874, Father Bede went to Conception, Mo., where a small colony of Benedictines from Engelberg, Switzerland, under the leadership of the late lamented Abbot Frowin Conrad, had settled on the prairies



THE REV. BEDE MALER, O. S. B.



of Missouri. There he spent three years as professor. Going thence to Indiana, he joined the monks at St. Meinrad Abbey. From 1877 to 1903 he was occupied in St. Meinrad Seminary as professor and as librarian of the abbey library. During all these years he taught, at various times, philosophy, dogmatic theology, biblical studies, church history, and gave lectures in ecclesiastical art.

Because of poor health, Father Bede went to Louisiana in 1903 to fill the post of chaplain at the Deaf-mute Institute in Chinchuba. There he remained until 1911 when he accepted the invitation of Abbot Paul of the near-by Abbey of St. Joseph to teach dogmatic theology, philosophy, and exegesis to the clerics of the abbey. He also had charge of the library. After ten years at St. Joseph's Abbey, he returned to Indiana to accept the chaplaincy of St. Mary's Hospital at Evansville.

Added to his arduous labors as professor, Father Bede was also active with the pen. In 1886 and 1887 he was editor of the *St. Louis Pastoral Blatt*. Then, after the destructive fire at St. Meinrad on Sept. 2, 1887, he published the *St. Meinrad's Raben*, which eventually developed into the *St. Benedict's Panier*, and this, in turn, became the *Paradieses-Fruechte*, under which name it is still issued.

Always deeply interested in ecclesiastical art, Father Bede often gave helpful advice in the planning and the decoration of churches. The beautiful, stained-glass art windows and handsome, artistic high altar in the abbey church at St. Meinrad were made according to his plans. Then, besides rendering valuable assistance to Emil Frei in planning the rich mosaic pictures in the cathedral at St. Louis, Mo., he made the plans for the art windows in the cathedral at Lafayette, La., as well as for many other churches.

The introduction into the United States of the Priests' Eucharistic League in 1891 was due to the jubilarian's initiative. He had written to headquarters in Europe for faculties to establish the League in St. Meinrad's Seminary. Not only was this readily granted, but the Director General of the League urged Father Bede to inaugurate the work of the League in this country. Thus in 1891 he was appointed Director General of the Priests' Eucharistic

League in the United States. As all good things must necessarily have time in which to develop, so the progress made in establishing the League here was slow. It required much painstaking effort to make the League known and to establish it on a firm footing. After six years of unwearied labors, poor health compelled him to resign his office of Director General. This office was then confided to the Rev. Vincent Wagner, O. S. B., who held it until 1901, when the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament took over the general direction.

Mentally alert and keen of mind, though somewhat feeble physically, the venerable jubilarian bore up well under the strain of the splendid celebration that commemorated the passing of his diamond jubilee as a priest of the Most High. His many friends wish him Godspeed and as many more anniversaries of ordination day as he may desire for himself.

It is noticeable that devout communicants retain in their souls the freshness and innocence of youth.

We deprive ourselves of our breakfast in order to be ninety miles on our journey before the heat of the day, but to receive the Blessed Sacrament, which will put us more than ninety miles on our pilgrimage to heaven—ah! that is another question!

### *The Star of Bethlehem*

MARY E. MANNIX

At midnight there gleamed on the Eastern horizon  
A wondrous, mysterious Star.  
'Mid anthems angelic it wakened the Shepherds  
And guided the Magi afar.  
It rested at last o'er a Bethlehem hillside  
Illuming a cavern forlorn,  
That sheltered the shelterless Joseph and Mary—  
And Jesus, the Savior was born.

O wonderful Star and most wonderful story  
To man that has ever been told;  
Through the depths of His sorrows,—the heights of  
His glory.

How can we be tearless and cold,  
To Him who drank deepest of life's bitter chalice,  
From that hour of miraculous birth;  
Who chose for His cradle no marvellous palace,  
But the lowliest dwelling on earth?



## The Bale of Linen

JACK WHITE

"**M**OTHER, I want Santa Claus to bring me the fire engine an' a bicycle," said Tom.

"And I want the boat in O'Hara's window, and a pair of shoes," said Joe.

"And I want the big dolly and the baby carriage," said Nora.

It was three days to Christmas. The last sod of turf that the neighbors had brought was on the fire. There was precious little food in the house, and the widow Curtin and her three children were gathered around the dying embers of an open fire in a tenement house in Pie Lane in the town of Killarney, in Ireland.

"To think he would ever make a will like that," the widow said, more to herself than the children, "after the way I nursed him and cared for him for three long years. But I suppose he had his own reasons. Maybe Peg would lend me a pound if I asked her, but I hate to. I could pay her back next year. He left her two hundred, though she never did a ha'porth for him; and Mary two hundred that only came to see him once in two years; and Jim got his house, because he had his father's name; and I got nothing—that old bundle of dirt!"

As the mother was thinking aloud, the children were arguing between themselves what they would do when Santa Claus came down the chimney on Christmas Eve. Tom was the oldest, and about nine; Joe was next, and turned seven; while Nora, who had never seen her father, was four.

Since her husband got killed, over four years ago, Nora Curtin had had a hard struggle. She went as housekeeper to her uncle when she was twelve months a widow, and only for that bit of luck it would have been impossible for her to make a living for herself and the children.

The uncle was a bachelor, and at one time a well-to-do farmer; but a few years ago, when age started to creep on him—as age has a habit of doing—he sold his farm to a neigh-

bor, keeping only the farmhouse and a few acres of land around it.

Nora and her children went to the farmhouse to live, and for three years she did all the work and looked after her uncle like a loving daughter. It was a sad day for her when he died, a few weeks ago.

During the three years she was housekeeper her two sisters and brother were jealous and envious of her, fearing she would ingratiate herself into the affections of the uncle to their disadvantage, as it was well known that he possessed money.

The first day that Nora came to live in the farmhouse at Cloughmore, her uncle took her to the loft over the kitchen and showed her a bale of homespun linen, wrapped in old newspapers, that he said his mother had spun, and his uncle wove.

"Them were the good old days," he said, "when there was a loom in every village, and the boys and girls had plenty of work; that's what you may call linen," and he tapped the bale lovingly. "Feel the thickness of it?" He tore off one of the newspapers. "Why, a strand of it would tie up a battleship."

"Why didn't your mother ever make sheets of it?" asked Nora. "No one uses that now."

"My mother, God rest her, was not that sort of a woman, a lady from the town, she was; could hardly milk a cow. Took a fancy to my father one day in Killarney, and ran away with him. She knew nothing about flax, so when my grandmother died, my father gave up growing it. That bale was woven from the last field he ever pulled; his mother spun it, and my uncle, who had a loom, wove it; it is lying here ever since. The hand-woven sheets were going out of style then, and I remember my mother buying sheets in Killarney, though that bale of the best linen was here in the loft."

"I don't blame her," said Nora. "No woman could wash and iron sheets made of that. 'Tis like a board."

"Ah, you don't understand," he said. "'Tis

very easily washed, and I want you to cut that bale of linen up into sheets as soon as ever you have time. I want to use it before I die, seeing my father grew it."

"I'll have plenty to do besides making sheets of that old musty linen," said Nora, "it could never be made white."

"I will help you to wash it," he said. "It was sheets like that I always slept under when I was a boy."

"Well, I might some day," said Nora, more to please the old man than anything else, for she had no intention of laundering that bale of linen, many years older than herself.

The sheets were never cut, and the bale still remained wrapped in the dusty newspapers, but every week the old man would ask Nora if she had made the sheets.

"Oh, some day I will," she would answer, "when I have more time." And her uncle would shake his head and walk out. But after a year had gone by he inquired no more for the linen sheets. He seemed to realize that Nora had no intention of making extra work for herself.

After three years as his housekeeper, Nora returned one day from Killarney, where she had gone to get some groceries, to find her uncle had had a shock soon after she had left the house. A few of the neighbors had gathered in, and the priest and doctor had come and gone. Nora's sisters and brother were sent for, as the doctor said death was near.

The other two sisters arrived about the same time, and came in tears; when the uncle did not recognize them, they wept still more, and drawing Nora to one side they asked her if he had made a will.

"I know nothing about him," said Nora. "I saw letters coming here from Morgan, the lawyer in Killarney, maybe he did, and maybe he didn't."

Nora's brother, Jim, came late that night, and after sitting near the dying uncle's bedside for a few minutes, he asked Nora:

"Did he say anything about a will?"

"Not to me," said Nora.

"Well, he did to me," said Jim. "He told me he had left me this house and the land."

"Maybe he did," said Nora.

"And what did he leave me?" asked Margaret.

"And me?" asked Mary.

"Don't ask me," said Nora. "Wait until your uncle dies before you start to fight. He'll take nothing with him."

That night the old man died, and the morning of the funeral, Morgan, the lawyer, came from Killarney and he told the nieces and nephews of the deceased to hurry back after the funeral and he would read for them the last will and testament of their departed uncle. So, when the remains of their uncle were laid deep in the clay, the four heirs and only living relatives of John Foley hastened back to Cloughmore house to hear read the last will of their departed relative.

The four relatives, who were directly related to the former owner of Cloughmore, were the children of his brother Thomas. There were three girls and a boy, all married and with families of their own.

There was Margaret, now Mrs. Driscoll, who was married to a boatman in the lakes, and who worked three months every year. She had two children and lived in Killarney.

Then there was Mary who was married to a gardener on one of lord Agadoo's estates. She had three children.

There was Jim who was married, with four children, and living in a cottage about a mile down the road.

Last was Nora who was a widow with three children, and who had lived for three years with her uncle just to get a home and food for the children and herself.

Margaret, who was a tall, lanky woman, with black hair and eyes and a pointed chin, came in weeping and telling everyone within earshot the kind good man her uncle had been.

Mary went into occasional hysterics, and Jim blew his nose and wiped his eyes frequently.

Nora, when she came into the little parlor at the back of the kitchen, was not weeping; yet she was the only one there who felt a real sorrow at the death of the uncle.

James Morgan, the lawyer, drove up to the door in a pony and trap, and, coming into the parlor, he drew from an inner pocket of his coat a blue paper, and started to read.

"I, John Foley, being of sound mind, do hereby attest my signature to this, my last will and testament, and I hereby bequeath to my niece Margaret Driscoll two hundred pounds; and to my niece Mary Cavan I bequeath two hundred pounds. To my nephew James Foley I leave my house and lands, with all farm utensils and machinery; and to my niece Nora Curtin I leave a bale of linen woven by my uncle, to be taken by her when she leaves Cloughmore."

After other small bequests to the priest for Masses, and something for a headstone to be placed over his grave, he made a request that there be no dispute over his estate, and asked all concerned to agree, and for the lawyer to pay over the money to his nieces at once, and for Jim to take possession of the house. Not a word about Nora.

"Oh, wasn't my uncle the soul of honesty and goodness," said Margaret.

"And he forgot none of us," said Mary.

Jim blew his nose, and his right hand went automatically to his eyes.

"I am the only one out in the cold," said Nora. "I don't know what I will ever do."

"Well, he gave you a good home for three years," said Margaret.

"I worked for it," said Nora. "He might have left me a couple of hundred."

"I'd like to move in here this week," said Jim. "My roof is leaking at home. I wish he had left me a couple of hundred too."

"I thought your uncle had more money," said the lawyer, "but when I went to the bank this morning they told me that all he has on deposit is four hundred and fifty pounds; when all are paid, my fee will have to hang on the balance."

Nora was thinking, she was not crying, she was dumbfounded. Where would she go with her three children?

The lawyer looked around the room at the assembled heirs until his eyes rested on her face.

"Mrs. Curtin, I am sorry for you," he said. "I did my utmost to get your uncle to leave you a little money, but he was adamant. He said he had given you a home for three years and that he wanted you to make him sheets from this bale of linen he has bequeathed to

you but that you never seemed to heed him."

"He was right," said Margaret between sobs. "If I had known he wanted sheets made I would have made them for him."

"When can I take possession of this house?" asked Jim.

"When your sister moves out," answered the lawyer.

"I'd like to move in this week, if I could," said Jim.

"You must give your sister time to find a home," said Morgan.

"I'll find a place soon," said Nora. "I will go into town. I must find something to work at."

"My house will be idle in a day or two," said Margaret. "I am moving to High Street. I don't like the neighbors in Pie Lane. I'll speak for you to get my job in the Deer Park Hotel, I won't need it now."

"That'll be fine," said the lawyer. "When do you think Mrs. Curtin could move to Pie Lane?"

"The day after to-morrow," said Margaret. "I'll move some of my things to-morrow."

"If you all agree," said Morgan, "I can pay out the money this week and square everything up. You don't intend to dispute the will, Mrs. Curtin?"

"No," said Nora. "I want no law. He had his senses when he made it that way, I will not try and break it."

"That's very fine of you," said the lawyer. "It is only a few days to Christmas, so I want everything squared before then."

"I'll move as soon as I can get a horse and cart," said Nora. "I have a few pieces of furniture of my own outside in the old stable, a table and bed and a few chairs."

"I'll see about sending a horse and cart," said the lawyer who was a big, kind-hearted man, and felt really sorry for Nora.

So it was all settled that Nora move into her sister Margaret's vacant house in Pie Lane the day after to-morrow, and that Jim take possession of Cloughmore, and that the lawyer pay Margaret and Mary two hundred pounds each the following day.

Two days later the horse and dray arrived from Killarney and picked up the few sticks of furniture that Nora had stored away in the



stable when she moved to Cloughmore three years before. Jim was there to see that nothing was moved from the house.

When everything was packed in the dray, and the three children were sitting in the middle of the cart, between the upturned legs of a table, and just as Nora and the driver were about to take their seats in front, Jim ran from the house and reminded her of the bale of linen, that she had forgotten it, and he did not want it around.

"I am sick of that bale of linen," said Nora. "It is a double cross on me."

"Well, I don't want it," said Jim. "Take it with you."

"All right," said Nora, "throw it in the dray."

The bale was brought from the loft by Jim. It was no longer wrapped in newspapers, and it looked black, and coarse, and dusty. He threw it in among the few pieces of furniture, and the children sat on it.

The driver and Nora took their seats in front, and the horse trotted down the stony road towards Killarney.

Margaret was moving out her last few pieces of furniture when the horse drew up before the house in Pie Lane. Margaret's husband was there, a stout, red-faced, jolly boatman, a happy-go-lucky individual, possessed of a gifted wit and repartee, and was much sought after by visiting tourists for the stories he could tell. Now, as he helped Nora and the driver stow her furniture in the empty house, he jollied her about the bale of old linen.

"Why I'll tell you what you do," he said, "go into the awning business, or better still, into the sail business, and by gum that would make a great sail for a fishing boat!" and he fingered the coarse linen. But before he left with the last of his furniture he put a few shillings in Nora's hand. "'Tis all I have," he said, "times are bad on the lakes now, no visitors this time of the year."

When the driver had gone, and Nora was alone with the children, she stood and looked around the empty rooms, they were bare and cold-looking. Not a stick had her sister left behind. Some of the neighbors, when they heard a widow with three children had come to the house, brought baskets of turf and wood,

and Nora made a fire in the empty hearth, and she went out and got bread and tea and sugar and made supper for the children.

It was late that night when the children went to bed, and the Cathedral clock was striking twelve when Nora, tired and weary, lay down and gathered the thin blanket over her. The world was sleeping, the night was dark and cold, but nothing colder than the days Nora could see ahead of her.

The following morning dawned cloudy and the sun was hidden, the air had a sharp bite, and the sky was heavy and overclouded. The few shillings her brother-in-law had given her were almost gone, and, when the children had eaten their breakfast, she put pride to one side and went to her sister in High Street and asked for the loan of a little money until after the Christmas holidays.

Margaret was going out when she came. High Street, where she now lived, was an aristocratic locality compared with Pie Lane. Nora told her what she had come for.

"Sorry," said Margaret, "I have none to spare; but I will try and get you a job at the hotel."

"I would like to get a few things for the children for Christmas," said Nora, "it will be hungry for them now."

"Well, I'm in a hurry now," said her sister. "Come some other time."

With tears in her eyes Nora walked up the street. She drew the thread-worn shawl closer around her shoulders. It looked as if the snow would soon come down, the sky was cloudy and overladen.

When she reached her home in Pie Lane, the three children were gathered about the few sparks of fire, the last of the turf the neighbors had brought.

"Mother, I feel cold," said little Nora, "and I feel hungry."

"Mother is going out to get bread," said Nora as she gathered the few coals together, "and I won't be away very long."

Nora went down to one of the hotels, she had heard that a scrub woman was wanted, but when she reached there the vacancy was filled. There was only one place now to go: Father O'Hara at the Cathedral, he might lend her a few shillings until she could find something.



When she reached the parish house, Father O'Hara was away, but the curate was there, a thin, delicate young man. He listened to Nora's story and, though he had listened to many a tale of poverty, Nora's story appealed to him and he gave her five shillings from his little horde, and as he conveyed her to the door, he walked behind Nora so she would not see his broken shoes.

Before she reached home she bought bread and tea and a basket of turf; and the children and herself sat down to a meager supper. The snow clouds that hung low burst, as it were, and great flakes of snow started to fall, covering town, and field, and mountain in a white mantle.

The shades of night came down suddenly, and Nora and the children gathered closer around the fire.

"I feel sleepy, Mother," said little Nora.

"And I do too," said the other children. So Nora put them to bed. There was little bed covering, and Thomas the oldest boy looked cold and pinched.

"Feeling cold, Thomas?" asked the mother.

"Yes, got any more blankets?"

Of course Nora had no more blankets. But a happy thought struck her. Why not make a bed quilt from the linen in the kitchen. It might be black but it would keep the cold out. So going down stairs she took her shears and

cut the stout twine that bound the bale at each end and started to unroll the coarse, homespun linen. The bale was lying on the floor, and Nora unrolled it until she thought she had enough for a bed covering.

When she went back near the bale to cut off the piece, a bundle of paper was lying on the floor. She picked it up and found that it was money, bank of Ireland notes, ten pound notes every one—fifty of them! She counted them over and over. Then she saw a letter in the center of the unfolded bale, it said:

Dear Nora:—

If, some day, you decide to make sheets from this bale of linen, you will find this five hundred pounds. I put it in here for you and I hope you enjoy it soon after I'm gone. But above all make the sheets I asked you to. You will find them good, and healthy too.

Your loving uncle,  
John Foley.

It was an hour before Nora could fully realize her luck, and know that the dawn had appeared in the sky that, a short while ago, had been dark and cloudy.

She ran upstairs. The children were sleeping. She bent over and kissed them one by one. Then she went back again to the kitchen and cut the linen roll into eight full sheets.

Outside the snow was falling heavily; it was two days to a white Christmas.

## "I Gotta Book"

CECILIA MARY YOUNG

FOR five days the steamer pitched and tossed, with no relief or respite. Those who had not succumbed to the inevitable *mal de mer*, wore a path to the ship's library. A priest, a fellow traveller, said: "We Catholics should have a Catholic book committee to look over ships' libraries, for much good could be done by seeing that one or two good books were put in these libraries which are, as far as I can judge from my observation, made up of trash. The librarians themselves are glad to receive good books and serious books, because you will find people want to be serious and thoughtful

stormy weather like this, when there is nothing to do and when all that one can do with comfort is to lie in a berth all day and read. I have already presented a couple of books, I had in my grip, and the librarian has told me these are out constantly. I know that while at sea is the time to make people care to know a little about God, and you can do that most simply—by providing Catholic books."

There were, of course, the Gideon Society Bibles in each state room, but for the most part these were used as window and door props on this particular steamer. Probably all of the

Protestants on board would, at one time or another, have read from the Bible, had it been placed on the library shelves, and nine tenths of them would have read a *good* book of Catholic philosophy or apologetics or direct dogma, had it been placed in the proper enticing setting.

The Gideons, with their book placed beside the bedside, as inviting as a dose of castor oil, to be opened and taken before retiring, are too blatantly missionary.

Set in an imposing corner on the handsome bookcase shelves of the library of one of the great ocean greyhounds, an attractively bound *Faith of Our Fathers*, *When the Veil is Rent*, *My New Curate*, *Letters of an Infidel*, *Rebuilding a Lost Faith*, *The Little Flower of Carmel*, to take just a few titles off-hand, placed beside the six best sellers, would be very apt to be read by the motley.

Getting the reactions of the Catholic reading public has been the experience of the writer of this article, from a Catholic Book Exhibit; not a sale or a bazaar in any sense, but purely an altruistic exploit to challenge those who say that *intelligentsia* do not read Catholic books; that literature is not produced by Catholic writers.

This exhibit or Catholic book fair ran for

ten days, during April, 1924, in Chicago, the first time an affair of this kind, probably, was offered to the general public. A splendid, broad-spirited young woman, proprietor of a large gift shop and greeting card business, gave the loan of her fine shop with two excellent street windows for display.

Protestant firms, who publish Catholic books, and all the Catholic publishers co-operated, and the publishers of Catholic magazines and journals.

The Catholic Book Exhibit of Chicago was the specific and ready answer to those who had said disdainfully: "Who wants to read Catholic books? Only priests and nuns! For Catholic writers are necessarily limited; therefore your literature is all propaganda or devotional."

One wonders whether to decry or to praise the French booksellers who have the most spiritual of books placed in the shop windows beside the book with the most revolting title, as one sees so often in Paris. In the railway stations too, throughout France, one may have the most universal of taste in picking out a reasonably-priced book for the journey, for the frankly pietistic and the most blatantly erotic books of the year are side by side, both in yellow paper-cover edition, available for him who runs to read!



Photo by F. P. Burke

ATTRACTIVE STREET WINDOW DISPLAY OF CHICAGO CATHOLIC BOOK FAIR

The good point is that one can *find*, at least, good books—Catholic books, conveniently.

If one Frenchman can stand public rebuke because he dared to make a spectacular effort to get rid of these fearful and vilest spreaders of iniquity, standing at bookstalls on the Paris streets, tearing up book after book of printed infamy in front of the irate and brazen dispensers of filth, as did the Abbe Bethlehem, editor of the well known *Reader's Review* (*Revue des lectures*), if, we repeat, one man can make a clean-sweep crusade such as that, it should not be so difficult for other right-minded Catholic men to stop the tide of the evil book by *pulling for good books*, and surely for a worth-while book by a representative Catholic author. These books do not have to be bought to be made popular.

For Catholic books, as a rule, are not books that are cheap to buy. They are well-made books and books that are made to last and to form libraries, and therein lies their doom. But hope springs eternal.

A certain English Catholic book-publishing firm is boasting of the departure it is making in the get-up of a religious book, using cheap yellow paper instead of cloth or conventional boards for cover, and writing the title in heavy black type—an exterior like the typical and notorious French novel.

"Create a demand for the Catholic book by asking for it at your own booksellers," has been the hopeful slogan of a few joyful optimists, but any one who has tried to create a popular demand for Catholic literature at any of the large book marts of the great cities, knows how discouraging is the quest. After a whole season of attempting to *create an interest* by asking for it at various large bookstores dealing in drama, the inquirer was rewarded with six separate copies, accompanied by six different bills, at periods of two-week intervals, but the book was never placed on the drama table. The book was Father Lord's six plays; which, as the wise know, has no propaganda and no preaching contained in its pages. On the other hand, there are all manner of Protestant ministers' religious dramas and dramas for all cults of every description placed at good selling vantage.

This very morning I saw a neat little car

bearing the legend: Distributing agency, Christian Science literature. . . Try to get any book on Science at any of the large bookstores, and you will find it on the shelves. *It does not have to be sent for, to the publisher.*

A friend advises you to read a splendid article in the current number of a certain literary Catholic monthly. It becomes a matter of a whole afternoon to get to the Catholic bookstore or the bookrack of the particular church where this magazine can be found, so that it is not only a matter of publicity to get it displayed at a bookshop, but a personal matter of convenience to have the Catholic book or magazine accessible.

Unfortunately, in the large cities the Catholic bookstores are not situated close to the regulation shopping district, and at Christmas time or at Easter, when people are most disposed to buy Catholic books for gifts, time is also an object, and very often another book instead of the contemplated Catholic one is substituted by the busy holiday shopper.

Statistics show that there are more people coming into the Catholic Church every year than ever before and there are more people clamoring for information about the Catholic Church and historical and other relative books regarding the Catholic aspect. . . yet it would seem, on authoritative statement, that there are fewer Catholic books selling.

There might be said to be three mitigating influences against the general reading of books nowadays, the motor and the movie, coupled together; then there is the radio, and lastly our concentrated form of home life, where, obviously, there is no room for books—the radio now occupying the corner of the former bookcase in the present average city "home" of two rooms and kitchenette.

Clearly, Catholic reading must henceforward be done from cheap paper-covered, cheaply printed volumes, Catholic books which may be gotten at all stores which deal in books. Catholic books which will be available in the book stalls of all railroad stations, representative Catholic books in all our public libraries and in libraries of ocean liners. Two English Catholic weeklies have recently made arrangements to have each week's copies carried on steamers.

(Continued on page 367)



## The Christmas Spirit

MARGARET C. MOLONEY

"HOO-HOO, Mubs?"

The joyous shout that Jimmy sent ringing through the dismal corridors of the Elite Apartment Hotel, almost made the place sound like home.

"Upstairs," came mother's cheery answer from the vacant apartment she was furbishing up in the hope of pleasing some fastidious home seeker. "Soft pedal, dear," she cautioned from the doorway, with a nod toward Mrs. Garland's door, though no amount of "soft pedaling" could keep Mrs. Garland's keen ears from hearing.

"How that poor woman can stand the eternal racket of those three boys," she complained to her dyspeptic husband as Jimmy's feet sped past her door, and Jimmy came to a sliding halt in mother's arms.

Jimmy didn't hear Mrs. Garland's complaint, and probably wouldn't have minded in the least if he had. He was too excited to remember that "roomers" must not be annoyed, too happy to remember there was a Mrs. Garland in the world, bugbear that she was to everyone of the family.

"We'll have that Christmas turkey, Mubs," he shouted. "It's dead sure now." Mother drew him within and closed the door. "Look-it." He spun a half dollar on the drop-leaf table, and waited for mother's exclamation. It came promptly.

"Fifty cents! Why, darling, where did you get it? Did the Christmas Spirit tip you for being such a cheerful helper?"

Mother's eyes were misty, but she blinked the tears back for some time when there would be no watchful eyes on her face. It had almost become a habit now, playing up to the little ones, pretending gayety—only, at Christmas it was harder. This was the second Christmas since father had laid down his share of the burden and joined the piper's dancing troops. Gazing into the happy face, mother was thinking of other Christmases, wondering if father didn't miss the little ones.

"Christmas Spirit?" Jimmy's laughter re-

called her. "Christmas cat, Mubs. I sold him to the druggist for fifty cents."

"Cat? Where did you get a cat, dear? And what does the druggist want with a cat?" Mother was all interest.

"I got him at the Refuge—the cutest little yellow one, to catch the rats in the basement."

"But, Jimmy! How could a cute little yellow kitten catch those awful rats?"

"Not kitten, Mubsie. I just meant he was a cute cat, and can he catch rats? We took him down there and he had one quicker than—"

"Scat!" said Mother with a toss of her head and a twinkle in her brave eyes.

"Mubs! Mubs!" came the call from below again.

"Coming right down, darlings, don't come up," Mother answered quietly. "Mrs. Garland has a fit at the noise," she turned back to her oldest, who nodded understandingly. "Do the rooms look nice?" she asked taking a last survey. "I have an ad in the *News*."

"Swell," said Jimmy, appreciatively.

"Well, lock up for me, dear, I must run down to the boys. Poor dears!"

Jimmy locked the door and caught step with mother before she had passed Mrs. Garland's door. "Wasn't that funny about the Christmas cat?" he said, and his laughter filled the corridor and trickled through the open transom into Mrs.'s Garland's room.

"Poor woman," she sighed. "She has worked all day and now she has that mob to worry her."

Worry! If there, it was, completely camouflaged. Down on her knees mother dropped and gathered the two smiling urchins to her heart.

"My blessed army," she cooed over them a second. Then led them all back to the kitchen, all chattering at once.

"We'll get the dinner while we talk," she told them. "That is, Jimmie and I'll get the dinner, and Danny will go to the store, and David will set the table—after he washes," she



smiled at him. "Oh, Jimmie! Run up to Mrs. Elliott with these towels, dearest. I forgot her."

"Can we have sausage, Mubs?" David called from the shower room.

"And a can of corn, mother?" Dan suggested.

"And a pumpkin pie, Mubs?" Jimmy shouted back as he raced off with the towels.

"Well, let's see now," said mother. We'll have to look at our pocketbook first."

"There's a lot in the turkey bank," David, the wee-est of all shouted.

"Nix!" declared Jimmy, returning, as he went, all of a sudden. "That's for Christmas. Let's count it. What did you get, Dan?"

Dan looked at mother and made a big effort to look nonchalant, but there was a smile tugging at his lips.

"Eighteen for the papers," he said, the smile in possession now.

"Oh-oh," said mother. "There's a surprise in that pocket."

"Fifteen cents tip!" Dan's laughter was good to hear.

"Thirty-three cents!" marveled mother. "That Christmas Spirit again?"

"Yes, sir, Mother, I could tell it was," Dan was serious about it. "For everybody said 'Merry Christmas' to me when they said 'never mind the change.'"

"Poor baby!" mother thought, but what she said was: "They like to buy papers from you, Danny, because you never try to stall on the change," and Danny nodded.

Then all eyes were on the wee-est.

"Open up that clean little fist," said mother, holding out her hand—blinking tears back now with all her might.

"What? Fifteen cents? Did that Christmas Spirit just get into step with you when we weren't looking and say 'Here, Pal, here's a bit to put in the turkey bank?'"

"Mrs. Prosser sent me on an errand," said the wee-est, still bubbling over at the thought of the Christmas Spirit saying "Here, Pal," to him.

"It's the same thing," mother said. "Mrs. Prosser and the Christmas Spirit, only she's with us all the year. God bless her."

"Holy Cats! Christmas Cats!" shouted Jim-

my, the lightning calculator. "Ninety-eight cents to-day—added to three dollars and sixteen cents, already in the bank, and five more days to go! Whoopee!"

"I taste that turkey right now," carolled Dan.

"Yum! yum!" shrieked, Davy, the wee-est.

"Listen to that racket down there," moaned Mrs. Garland. "Wouldn't you think that woman would go mad? I wish they'd be quiet, for once. I've shopped all day, and I'm exhausted. Christmas Spirit! Isn't it the farce?"

The dyspeptic husband made no reply, but he looked wistful, and beaten.

"Mubs, can I ask Bobbie, you know, the boy that has to stay at school 'cause his mother's dead?" asked David, slinging plates recklessly toward their rightful places.

"Careful, dear," said mother. "Don't break my big plates, will you?"

"And, Anne, the lady that makes the pies at the store," put in Dan, depositing his purchases on the worktable. "She just told me that they're going to be closed all day, and she hasn't any home."

"We'll see," said mother absently, as she hurried the dinner. "Is that the bell? No? We must listen good, to-night. I have an 'ad' in the paper, you know."

"Can I ask, Joe?" Jimmy added his plea, as he dexterously wielded the can opener.

"Joe?" said mother. "Isn't he awfully wild, Jimmy?"

"Well, Mubs, he does swear, a lot," Jimmy apologized, "but he doesn't say the Holy Name, ever, does he, Dan?"

"No, he doesn't Mubs," Dan's assurance came without hesitation.

"And, he goes to Mass every Sunday," added David.

"Well, let's get the dinner on, and then discuss the matter while we eat, eh?" said mother. "Everything's about ready now. Is everybody washed, and combed, and the chairs in place?"

David ran to place the chairs while Danny and Jimmy dashed for the shower room. There was a scramble for the table. Then suddenly the babble ceased.

"Whose turn is it to say 'Thank You'?" asked mother. (Continued on page 367)

## Spiritual Conferences for College Men

BURTON CONFREY, PH. D.

(Continued)

THE mechanical aids to practicing the presence of God will be as varied as ingenious love is inventive. There are all the suggestions of spiritual writers from St. Ignatius, that every time a clock strikes we offer our actions as well as ourselves, to those which grow out of a particular circumstance within our experience. There is the student whose paper we have included who said a prayer each time he entered a classroom; others dedicate themselves each time a bell rings. One youth was on the alert for all places on the campus in which the Blessed Sacrament was reserved—the various hall chapels, the church, the basement chapel, the convent, the community house, the log chapel, Holy Cross and Moreau Seminaries, Dujarie Institute, and the novitiate; many form the habit of stopping for a little visit each time they pass the hall chapels—going in or coming out; others stop at the church as they go by. Statues on the campus help some remember; the dome or the calvary group, others. In the room a picture may catch the attention on entering or a medalion when leaving. In the bookrack a missal or books on religion catch the eye; a crucifix on the bed, a rosary in pajamas' or in the vest pocket may serve the same purpose.

When the Reading Club took up the study of the life of Christ as told in the Gospels, I got a New Testament and followed the outlines, questions, and suggestions handed out from day to day. You had said that "Until a man has studied the character of Christ and the effect of His teachings, no other study was worth while" and that "Unless a man possesses a deep religious feeling, no other feeling is worth while." I wanted to lay myself open to that influence and when you suggested that we get a crucifix for our beds, I neglected to do so until on his feast you mentioned St. Norbert's careful treatment of others being a mask for selfishness and his saying to the call of his deeper thoughts, "Not yet. Wait until I have had more of the emperor's kindness," struck

home. I got a crucifix, remembering the day I saw written on the board, "God pity him who stubbornly holds his ears while his heart cries aloud."

I followed directions. When I open my eyes I look up at Him, make an act of contrition, an act of love, and a Spiritual Communion. If I have not said the rosary the night before, I say it after the Communion. Usually I say the rosary before falling asleep, for often I have lain awake until half past three or four o'clock in the morning. To my teachers I seem a failure because in high school I took a commercial course and lack the necessary foundation in mathematics. I am failing in two classes right along, and at night my mind seems to keep going round and round my failure like a squirrel in a wheel cage.

But the crucifix has helped wonderfully. When I come in during the day I kiss it and say, "Sweet Jesus, my Brother, help me to come closer to Thee, and I shall not mind anything else." Tears come to my eyes and for the time I seem to forget my failure.

A crucifix in one drawer or a picture in another, a leaflet in the corner of the desk blotter (changed often to prevent becoming accustomed to it) or at various places in one's texts, a leaflet on the back of the door (one person found "The Secret of the Saints," left by a former occupant, and soon noticed himself reading it each time he left the room), all stimulate a renewed dedication. A student who found himself easily roused to strike kept a crucifix in his lower coat pocket where he put his clenched fist to control himself. A chronic procrastinator wore a badge of the Sacred Heart in his upper pocket because his tendency was to put his forefinger and thumb there when hesitating. It is a common practice on the campus to put the new leaflet in the same pocket for frequent reference—until the ideas are memorized or assimilated. One person who had read of St. Gertrude's letting the movement of a finger represent an aspiration suggested that raising the card in the pocket when doing one's work might serve the same pur-

pose. A youth given to wondering kept a tiny rosary in his lower vest pocket because he found his hand there when pondering. St. Joseph's cord, a medal on a chain, or a scapular keep the body untouched. A glutton put a medal among his change and a card in his bill fold to remind him that he must not spend for drink.

The next papers not only show the thoughts leaflets suggest; they reveal a very definite picture of Christ among men in the minds of the writers.

#### HE NEVER FORGETS

Do you think because your heart aches  
With a bitter, cruel pain,  
And your life's sweet, happy sunshine  
Is shadowed by storm and rain,  
And the music is hushed and silenced  
Till you hear but the undertone,  
That the dear Lord Jesus forgets you?  
*He never forgets His own.*

Do you think because the sorrow  
All human hearts must know  
Has come to you, or the darling  
You loved and cherished so,  
And the things you want have vanished,  
The things you would call your own,  
That the dear Lord Jesus forgets you?  
*He never forgets His own.*

And we're all His own dear children,  
And He holds us all as dear  
As you do your own dear wee one  
Who creeps to your heart so near;  
And if we will only listen  
We can hear His tender tone,  
"Oh, rest in peace, My children,  
*I never forget My own.*"

#### MY CONCEPTION OF JESUS

To me He appears a man—an earthly man with a knowledge of all heavenly glories and of all earthly trials. He understands the temptations of this earth and men's weaknesses. He is worthy of being a supreme judge because He has lived an earthly, and now lives an everlasting, heavenly life. To be a great judge one must know both sides of a case and possess unlimited wisdom. Who is more capable than He?

These are the reasons why He appears a man to me, a man who understands and will always be a helpful friend when one's cross seems to grow too heavy.

#### COME TO ME

Come to Me, you who labor and are burdened,  
Bearing the heavy weight of care and pain;  
I will refresh you, weary ones, sin-laden,  
Let not My love plead with you all in vain.

Oh, you with saddened hearts and bowed heads,  
weeping,  
Feet torn and bleeding on the thorny way,  
Mine eyes have marked the struggle and the fainting,  
Come, and rejoice within My heart alway.

Come, empty-handed, who sowed not, but scattered,  
Now bruised and wounded by your sins and blame;  
My healing balm of love and grace await you,  
My heart but longs to win you back from shame.

#### CHRIST MY CONSOLER

To me Christ has always seemed a mature man. I have never thought of Him as the Infant of Bethlehem or as the youth of twelve who puzzled the wise men in the temple. The sight of the crib in church at Christmas does not fill me with awe and respect as does the sepulcher at Easter. The Babe in the manger does not seem my consoler—my second father.

Whenever I am in trouble or feeling spiritually blue, I go to church or to my room, if it is impossible for me to go to church, and have a little visit with Him. I talk to Him and tell Him all my troubles. I wait for His advice; and if I listen to Him I come out on top most of the time. When I have a special favor to ask of Him, I take more time listening for what He has to say to me; and if I do not get what I seek, I usually find out later that it was to my best advantage not to have it.

I do not feel that Christ as the child would understand me as Christ the man does.

After attending my first religious conference I seemed to take away with me a new conception of Jesus Christ. Before attending any, I thought that they would be rather dry; but I was convinced that there was something there for me that I didn't know; so out of curiosity or aroused interest, I made it a point to attend the following lectures.

One of the things that I saw for the first time was a new view of Christ. It seemed to me as though a curtain was pulled from my eyes, and I saw the real beauty of Christ. I could just visualize Him doing His acts of goodness and kindness. Little acts of love and small moments of suffering that took place in Christ's life were revealed to me. Jesus took on a new



beauty for me, the beauty of simplicity and naturalness. While I saw a new side to Christ in a human way, I was firmly convinced of the divine side of Jesus. All my questioning thoughts that had ever been proposed to me by Satan were banished in the light of such a clear explanation. I saw what divine meant, and I feel closer to God, knowing so much about Him.

Probably the thing that impressed me most of all was the view on Holy Communion and thanksgiving after it. Although I have always known that Jesus Christ came to me when I received, I saw just what it really was to have the Maker of all men leave His throne and enter the heart of a human being. I felt a new joy right away—the way the angels kneel in adoration, the saints bless, Mary leads, and the devils fear, when you take the Savior into your heart, I saw for the first time in its full meaning. I saw in thanksgiving a privilege that is priceless. I now know what it is to talk to Jesus as friend to friend. I now possess a greater love for Holy Communion and take a greater joy in my thanksgiving than I ever have before.

I have realized a new Christ both human and divine, Mass and the Holy Eucharist having a greater meaning than ever, and I feel more joy and confidence in God than I have ever had before.

The next two I include because they are the product of an entirely different type of mind.

The little card which I received in class, entitled "We Two," made me think, as I have often done before, that we are absolutely helpless without Jesus. A dream which I had when a child has remained vivid to this day. I was in the chapel with other children waiting to hear Mass. Suddenly, the sanctuary light went out. I was panic stricken. I hastened out of the chapel into the hall, looking for help. The impression that I could not go on living under such a condition was burned into my mind. The thought of death approaching also presented itself; so I went back to the chapel where I felt most secure. The feeling of desolation made the dream more like a nightmare.

The next day, I told a little French Sister, whom we considered a saint, about it. "Now dear," she said, "I'll interpret your dream. The sanctuary light is the symbol of the presence of Jesus. When He goes out of your life, all is confusion, uncertainty, and fear." In spite of myself, the

dream had certainly made a deep impression.

In the years of my life that have followed, keeping close to our Lord has been intentionally or forcefully my aim. By forcefully I mean that Christ Himself has made me come to Him. At times, I have gone along without much thought of God, but this has only been for a short time. A little cross, or a great one, has called me back to the feet of Jesus where, alone, I have found the security, peace, and happiness that I crave.

I was interested in your remark this morning about Enid Dinnis' little poem, "The Rule of the Crucifix," which has come to be a favorite of mine. Not a few mornings during the past year I found myself about to set out for school without having made any thorough preparation for the classes to be met that day, so great had been the unlooked-for demands upon my time. On these occasions I found great comfort in that third stanza; and, after pausing "to kiss His thorn-crowned brow," entrusting the whole of the day in a more special way to Him since I was utterly unprepared alone, I found that I had "wits enow" to get through the ordeal with far better results than if, relying upon myself alone, I had carefully gone over the work step by step ahead of time.

Then, too, that first stanza! It is linked intimately in my mind with a Kempis' "As often as I have been among men I have returned less a man." When one is lively by nature and uncharitable through weakness, upon his return from a visit, he feels the sting in the rebuke of Thomas a Kempis applies to himself. Foreseeing such occasions I have had recourse to Enid Dinnis' advice and I have always found that after I had "kissed His feet and gone my way, danger did not near me stray."

I have on my desk always a picture of Christ Crucified—to me a very beautiful one. In the lower right hand corner of the frame I have placed this poem. Just the other day one of my friends said, "That is a beautiful picture of the Crucifix, but you spoil it by putting that card on it." I smiled gently to myself but said nothing. Could he in one moment sense the meaning of my twelve months' association with picture and poem? There are some experiences that even our intimate friends cannot share with us. Perhaps the donor of the card will understand.

(To be Continued)



*The Carolers*

MARY WINDEATT

Up and down the snowy streets  
The merry singers pass,  
Jesting with the villagers  
And tapping at the glass.

A cheer for ancient Yule logs,  
A lilting old refrain,  
And all the village maidens  
Are smiling through the pane.

Straight and tall the singing ones  
Stand out upon the snow—  
(Many eyes are smiling now  
Beneath the mistletoe.)

And yet of all the people  
A-looking through the pane,  
Who will be remembering  
A Child is born again?

*The Christmas Spirit*

(Continued from page 363)

"Mine," said David promptly.

"And whose turn is it to serve?" mother asked as they took their seats. "Dannie's?" She beamed on the manly twelve-year-old as he proudly took on the honors of the day.

"Now, tell me about your friends. Wait. One at a time, dears. Let David start. He was the first to suggest bringing a guest."

Carefully mother listened and weighed the matter, and just as her sons had every reason to expect, thought it would be jolly to have their friends.

"And, who'll you have, Mubsie?" the wee-est wanted to know.

"Who'll I have?" mother said as if coming back from away off somewhere. "Why, I'll have you-all, with your guests, and, yes, I'll have a guest of my own, too." Mother looked mysterious.

"Who?" came three eager boyish shouts.

"The real Christmas Spirit," said mother. "The best of all guests. We'll all ask Him to be with us all day when we receive Him at midnight Mass.

The enthusiastic acceptance of mother's Guest reached the ears of Mrs. Garland's husband, nodding over his evening paper. He looked about the silent room, and sighed.

"What a life!" he murmured.

*I Gotta Book*

(Continued from page 361)

Would it were possible for publishers of the Catholic book to have at least one edition cheaply gotten up, so that after it is read and digested it can be disposed of to the junk man out of the concentrated space called Home. For, alas! it would seem that books are no longer an acquisition nor an ornament save in one sense. And the efficient lady of the house-lette makes one concession, and that is in favor of the gift edition of Shelly or Omar Khayam on a small table under the tall lamp, and the splendid Catholic clubwoman, or big-spirited Knight of Columbus or zealous and upstanding Catholic college boy or girl who has read through this article and means to start a real Catholic book campaign must not be startled or abashed, because it is a time-honored and hoary joke, when the lady looks at you as though you were a book agent and replies, as she always has done, "Well, you see; *I gotta book!*"

The Sacrifice of the Mass is of vital interest to you as well as to the priest at the altar.

*I am Going to Bethlehem*

PHILIP HUGH

Oh, I am going to Bethlehem,  
The stars so brightly shine,  
They seem to know no joy on earth  
Is equal unto mine;  
For like the shepherd men of old,  
I've left my sheep within the fold,  
I'll brave the snow, I'll brave the cold,  
To seek the Child Divine!

Oh, I am going to Bethlehem,  
To seek the Child Divine,  
To claim Him as the King of Kings  
Of David's royal line.  
I'll gaze upon His infant charms,  
He'll bless me with His infant palms,  
Stretch out to me His infant arms,  
And I'll hold Him in mine!

Oh, I am going to Bethlehem,  
To seek the Child Divine;  
I'll find Him in His swaddling clothes  
Of wafer-bread and wine.  
I'll worship Him with all my might,  
I'll hail Him King and Lord of Light,  
In my Communion to-night,  
I'll kiss the Child Divine!

## Notes of Interest

### Miscellaneous

—To the number of Doctors of the Universal Church has recently been added St. Robert Bellarmine. His feast will be kept on May 13. In all there are now nineteen Bishops, six priests, and one deacon declared Doctors of the Church. The title is given only to those whose sanctity and learning are eminent in an unusual degree.

—Forty-five priests have been given to the Church within the last sixty years by the village of Saint Saturnin in Rouergue, in the diocese of Rodez. The total population to-day is but 685.

—A. S. David, formerly a well-known Protestant layman in India, who has recently become a convert to the Catholic Faith, has announced that he will revive *The Christian Observer*, a journal which he conducted for some years, and which was popular among Protestants. Mr. Davis intends to present the truths of the Catholic Church in a way that will remove the prejudice against her, based on ignorance.

—In the western section of Switzerland, the Church has shown great gains in the last ten years. In this western part the Catholics are mingled with a large number of Protestants. Here the increase shows 50,000, while in the eastern section where the majority of the population is Catholic, there was an increase of 33,000. The population of the entire Swiss Federation is 40% Catholic. Generous donations to the cause have enabled the Church to erect many buildings in the so-called *diaspora*, where at present 400,000 Catholics live. They have 157 parishes and are cared for by 380 priests.

—Patriarch Joaquin de Jesus Perez, who founded the Schismatic Mexican National Church in 1925, retracted his errors on his deathbed on October 9, and received the extreme unction of the Catholic Church. He was 81 and had been seriously ill for a week.

—While other members of the Police Emergency Squad worked over the forms of Jerry and Joseph Ditallo, seven-months-old twins, after their mother had turned on the gas in their apartment in Brooklyn, N. Y., Patrolman James Bolger sprinkled water on the heads of the two victims and spoke the words of the Church's baptismal service. The children died and their mother was removed in a serious condition to the hospital.

—The directors of the Opera of Koenigsberg, East Prussia, are making plans for the celebration next April of the second centenary of the birth of Joseph Haydn. Elaborate plans are also under way at Vienna. Three countries claim Haydn: Austria, because he was born in the village of Rohrau on the Hungarian border; Hungary, because Rohrau was at that time on the Hungarian side of the frontier; and Croatia, because a savant of that country claims to have established that the Haydns of Austria were

originally the Haedens of Croatia. Haydn's ecclesiastical compositions include fourteen Masses, a Stabat Mater, two Te Deums, and thirty-four Offertories and Anthems. Two of his immortal oratorios are "The Creations," and "The Seven Last Words of Christ." Joseph Haydn had nineteen brothers and sisters.

—A Catholic School Press Association has been established as a national organization to aid and encourage publications issued in Catholic high schools and colleges throughout the country. Nearly five hundred members from all parts of the United States have been enlisted.

—Reverend Myron Taylor, a Christian Brother among the American missionaries in northern Rhodesia, lost his life in an attempt to kill a lion that had escaped from a snare. He had a gun but misfired, infuriating the beast.

—When Wilhelm Helm, 28-year-old atheist, under cover of darkness, tried to tear down the large stone cross on the Nahe Bridge at Bad Kreuznach, he was pinned under the falling mass and fatally injured.

—During the month of October, the decisive victory of George Washington was celebrated at Yorktown. The celebration included a Mass celebrated by one of the collateral descendants of George Washington, the Rev. Richard Blackburn Washington, now pastor of the shrine of the Sacred Heart at Hot Springs, Virginia. Father Washington is a convert to the Catholic Church.

—A colossal monument to Christ the King was erected on Mount Corcovado on October 12 as evidence of the faith in Brazil. Part of the ceremony of inauguration consisted in the lighting by radio of the giant reflectors illuminating the statue, by William Marconi from his ship "Electra" in Italian waters. Cardinal Leme de Silveira Cintra was the papal legate at the ceremony. The statue is as large as the Statue of Liberty in the New York harbor. It stands 2300 feet above the city.

—The Arab population of the Greek-Orthodox Community of Beit Sahur, believed by many to be the home of the shepherds who visited the manger at Bethlehem when the Savior was born, has asked for admission into the Catholic Church.

—Joseph Thiers, 91 years old, somewhat feeble, serves Mass daily in the St. Otto Home for the aged, Little Falls, Minn. He has served Mass since he was six years old, and has served Mass regularly every morning, and Benediction every evening. He has been director of eight choirs in his active life.

—When Archbishop Downey of Liverpool was laying the foundation stone of a new school, hostile demonstrators threw missiles and stones at the prelate. Without the least display of ill will, the Archbishop remarked, "Evidently some people in Liverpool still live in the Stone Age."

—While the missionaries are feeding the hungry

and pouring ointment into the wounds of the sufferers in China, they are also administering baptism to hundreds who beg for it in their last minutes.

—An article in a recent paper informs us that three nuns, who contracted the dread leprosy from those for whom they cared, are doomed to a living death. Yet, they continue to aid the victims of the disease in the South American colony at Contraction.

—At St. Francis Retreat House, Mayslake, weekly retreats are given to the unemployed youths between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one.

### Benedictine

—The Abbot of Buckfast, the Rt. Rev. Anscar Vomier, O. S. B., has observed the silver jubilee of his abbatial blessing. He is renowned both as a pulpit orator and for his theological writings. The work in rebuilding the great Abbey church at Buckfast has gone on to completion under his administration.

—Not all is jazz in Africa. Under the direction of Father Lamoral, O. S. B., the schola cantorum of the Cathedral of Elizabethville, Belgian Congo, Africa, gave a concert of classical music, interpreting extracts from the work of Beethoven, Haydn, Bach, and Handel.

—The Right Reverend Chrysostom Schmid, O. S. B., Archabbot of St. Ottilien, Bavaria, arrived in New York on October 7, on a visitation to the Little Flower Monastery in Newton, N. J., where American boys will be trained by the Benedictines for service in Africa, Korea, Manchuria, and the Philippine Islands.



### The 1931 Christmas Seal

N. T. A.

A special design picturing the holiday festivity of "the good old days" was selected for the Christmas seal of 1931 to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the sale of seals to fight tuberculosis. An old-time stage coach is shown drawn by four horses prancing through the snow. Aloft on the upper deck a passenger blows his horn to blazon Christmas greetings to the countryside.

Twenty-five seals, each with a different design, have been sold to the public at the holiday season since the organized tuberculosis movement got under way. From small beginnings at a time when everybody believed tuberculosis was hereditary and the equivalent of a death sentence, it has carried its message—that tuberculosis is preventable and curable to every hamlet and crossroad in the country, until to-day few people remain who do not know that rest, fresh air, sunshine, and nourishing food are both the preventive and the curative agents for this disease.

During the quarter-century of work which the new seal commemorates, the ravages of the disease have been cut in half; more than 500 sanatoria have been constructed; clinics have been established for early diagnosis; the tuberculin test and X-ray have been

perfected for the more certain detection of tuberculosis even before it exhibits outward symptoms; and the methods of educating the general public to protect itself against the disease through knowledge, have been raised to a high point of effectiveness.

But a great deal remains to be done. Despite the success of past efforts, tuberculosis is still a greater public enemy than most people realize. It is the leading cause of death between the ages of 15 and 45, and a serious menace to the health of young men and women entering intensive high school and college days.

Money is needed wherever seals are sold to finance the battle against the disease. The payments which tuberculosis exacts from humanity are subject to no moratorium because of dull times. Children must be protected from tuberculosis; new and unknown cases must be found in the early stages; clinics, nurses, summer camps must continue the work which has already proved its worth. Practically all the money raised by the seals remains in the community where it is given, and is used to meet the special needs existing there.

Every dollar given for Christmas seals means life and health to men, women and children threatened with tuberculosis.—Adv.



## EVERY CHILD

deserves protection  
from tuberculosis

Buy

## CHRISTMAS SEALS

THE NATIONAL, STATE AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS  
ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES



?

# KWEERY KORNER

?

REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., Editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

## RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

*While walking with a Protestant acquaintance we passed a non-Catholic church which is famous for its historical interest. Upon my remarking that I would like to see the inside of this church this friend said she would be very happy to show it to me, since she was a member of the congregation. Would I be guilty of sin if I visited the church with her merely to see its interior at a time when there was no service in the church?—Livingston, N. J.*

Certainly not. Catholics are forbidden to attend worship in any church outside of their own; but to visit a non-Catholic church merely to see the building or to note its historical features is not at all sinful.

*Is Richard a Catholic name and is there any Saint with that name?—Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Most certainly, Richard is a Catholic name and there are many Saints of that name.

*I received letters from time to time from various shrines and religious orders all over the country requesting donations. Am I in duty bound to contribute to these places? I know nothing about them only through the letters received.—St. Louis, Mo.*

You are not bound in any way to contribute to such places. Since, in your question, you mention that you know nothing about these places, except through these letters, the editor of this column does not hesitate to say that you would be unwise to contribute to them. Of course, if you happen to know the place and understand that the cause towards which you contribute is a worthy one, then the matter is left to your personal generosity. In giving missions, your editor has been requested by several Bishops to inform the people not to contribute to any cause which is not mentioned from the pulpit by the pastors and approved by them. Please remember also that a Catholic's first duty is to support fully his own parish funds and then, if anything remains over and above, it may be given to worthy causes properly approved by the local church authorities.

*If you are married with a yellow-gold wedding ring and the style changes later on, is it a sin to have the ring covered with white gold?—Fort Wayne, Ind.*

No. You may have the ring altered or changed as you please.

*Should the Sign of the Cross be made when passing the Catholic Church?—Elizabeth, N. J.*

Whilst that would be a very fine and devout thing to do, it is not necessary and at times it might even be unwise. When a gentleman passes in front of the Church he should tip his hat and when a lady passes she should bow her head. Out of reverence to Our

Lord it is proper, whilst tipping the hat or bowing the head, to repeat the ejaculatory prayer: "O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament divine; all praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine."

*Some people have the habit of saying "God bless it" when they admire or praise anybody or anything. Is it a good practice?—Indianapolis, Ind.*

As long as there is no irreverence connected with the practice and it is done by way of a prayer of appreciation, the saying is most praiseworthy indeed.

*I was present at a baptism where the priest insisted upon the baby being awakened before he would start the ceremony. Why was this necessary?—Canton, O.*

The priest acted very wisely. Strange to say, there is more than one case on record where the priest has actually baptized a dead baby. The priest must know that the baby he is to baptize is alive and that is probably the reason he insisted that the baby be awakened. Ordinarily, though, the baby insists in letting everyone in the vicinity know he or she is alive, and very much so, and thus the incident mentioned is of rare occurrence.

*Can a wife who is making a mission apply the indulgence to her husband who is very ill and unable to make the mission?—Buffalo, N. Y.*

No. An indulgence can never be applied to another living person. One may gain an indulgence for himself or apply the same to the poor souls in purgatory, but never can it be applied to another who is still living.

*Can the names of the deceased non-Catholic relatives and friends be put on the mortuary list that is placed on the altar during the month of November?—Chicago, Ill.*

Yes, they may. Holy Mass may be offered up for non-Catholics as well as Catholics. The Church does not permit an announcement to be made publicly for one who is not a Catholic, since such a one did not belong to the body of the Church. But, since these mortuary lists are not publicly announced, they may include the names of any and all relatives or friends, Catholic as well as non-Catholic.

*If a person in grief says she does not believe a just God could cause her so much sorrow, but afterwards is reconciled to this sorrow and never confesses it, does she commit a sin?—Springfield, Ill.*

That depends. To murmur against Divine Providence and to be lacking in resignation to the Holy Will of God may become sinful. Moreover, others hearing such a statement from the lips of another may be very properly scandalized. Too few people, alas! realize the scandal that can be given to others by their speech and actions. Therefore, the editor of this column advises you in such a case to tell the matter in confession just as it happened and then leave it to the judgment and advice of the confessor.

*Is it wrong for a girl to wear a tiny crucifix around her neck for purpose of decoration, if she keeps the religious thought of the cross before her mind?—Peoria, Ill.*

Indeed not. In fact, a crucifix reverently worn is truly a beautiful ornament. Your editor was very  
(Continued on page 382)





# Our Sioux Indian Missions



CLARE HAMPTON

## OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight *via* Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Hilbrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight *via* Ravinia, S. D.

## SOMETHING ABOUT THE INDIANS

(Continued)

The homes of the Indians, as the white men first found them, were destitute of what we would call furniture—and they have but little more now. They had no tables, chairs, beds, or stoves, and the young Indian girl had to use a pool of quiet water for her mirror. They made bark vessels to hold water, or hollowed them out of a piece of wood. In many parts of the country the Indians made pottery, but they had nothing in which they could cook anything over the fire. They boiled water by heating stones red hot and dropping them into the vessel of water. The flesh of the animals they killed was broiled or roasted over the fire, or baked in a sort of oven made in the ground—a mere hole lined with stones. In this they built a fire, and when the stones were hot, they took out the fire, put in the meat, and covered it up close until it was cooked. In dressing the skins of animals, they were quite expert, rendering them very soft and durable.

Although so poorly off, both men and women were fond of finery, tattooing and painting their faces and bodies with the most glaring colors, made from plants or earths. Porcupine quills, shells, claws of birds, and the teeth of animals were their jewelry, which they strung in fanciful style and hung around their necks, and they used feathers profusely for adornment. What they considered most precious was "wampum"—a kind of beads made of the clam shell, which they used as money, and also as decoration. Belts of this wampum which constituted their wealth, were given at all treaties to confirm the agreements. This was the only money they had. After the whites came and began to buy furs, beaver skins were also in many colonies used as money in transactions with the Indians and among the whites.

In war, which was their chief occupation besides hunting, they never fought pitched battles, but tried generally in small bands to surprise their enemies, or take them unawares. Instead of coming out into the open with flying colors and perfect marching columns like the white man, they hid behind trees and bushes and "ambushed" the enemy—that is, hid so cleverly that the enemy could not see where their arrows came from. They also scalped their enemies, and he who returned from battle with the greatest number of scalps,

achieved great distinction, was much looked up to, and often became chief. They were great stoics in suffering, and considered it pusillanimous to show that they were in pain or groan or cry out. If captured in war by another tribe, the prisoner never asked mercy; he sang a sort of death song, taunted those who tortured him, and never gave in until death came to release his soul.

Their ideas of religion were very strange. Some believed in spirits, called "Manitou," and in one God, Whom they called "Kitchemanitou," or Great Spirit. Some tribes sacrificed animals and captured prisoners to their god "Agreskoy." All believed in evil spirits, and were more eager to appease them than to worship the good. The northern tribes had no temples or priesthood, and the only class that approached that of priests were those called medicine men. These were the great propagators of all the superstitions; they pretended to be in league with the evil spirits, and to be able to tell the future and cure diseases. They pretended that diseases were caused by evil spirits, and went through all sorts of horrible ceremonies and noises to drive them out. They attached great importance to dreams, and believed that if a person did not obtain what he dreamed of, it would cause sickness and perhaps death.

Once an Indian chief came to an Englishman and told him he dreamed that the latter had given him his fine red coat with gold lace trimmings. The Englishman found that he had to give it to the Indian, or be charged with the latter's death, whenever it occurred. But the Englishman got even; some time later, he met the old chief and told him that he had dreamed the Indians gave him a fine tract of land. The chief groaned, but a dream was a dream, and not to be lightly put off. The Englishman received the land, but the Indians begged their people not to have any more dreams.



SHOO, DIRT! SHOO!

SCRUBBING BRIGADE AT STEPHAN

## TWO NEW MISSIONARIES

Two new additions have been made to the missionary staff out on the Sioux Reservations—the Rev. Fintan Baltz, (a native of Tennessee) who has come to help Father Justin in his heavy labors at Immaculate Conception Mission, and Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, a Kentuckian, who comes as assistant to Father Sylvester at St. Paul's. Both are Benedictine Fathers, and hail from St. Meinrad Abbey, bringing great zeal and enthusiasm to their new work. As Father Pius Boehm is unable to perform any missionary labors, Father Justin needed a helper, and as Father Sylvester's school is constantly growing larger, and he never had a regular assistant, this need has at last been supplied.

Some years ago, another Father Fintan labored among these Indians and was much beloved by them. He was Fintan Wiederkehr, who has since gone to his reward. He spoke the language of the Indians fluently, and was affectionately called by them "Pa Pintan," because it is difficult for the Indian to pronounce the letter F.

## ST. PAUL'S MISSION

Father Sylvester writes that the Indians are so poor this year that they began to send their children to school long before it opened, because they were unable to feed them. They are rebuilding only part of the building that was burnt down, first, because they haven't the funds to rebuild it all, and second, because they absolutely need the shelter for their trucks and tools. This time it will be a one-story, brick structure, and fireproof. Next year or the year following, they hope to do more if things improve and funds are available. Father will welcome gifts of blankets, sheets, pillow slips, old feather beds, etc., to replace the bedding lost in the fire.

Last May the electric power company of Ravinia, South Dakota, completed its line to Marty and hooked it up with the Mission. What a relief it was to shut down the old engine which had supplied the current up to now. Brother Meinrad had another accident; a few months ago he was attacked by a bull in the cow barn and badly injured. This time it was at the end of school, when the mission truck brought a large number of kiddies back to their homes. On the way back, Brother Meinrad sat alone in the back of the truck. Passing a fine herd of cows, he climbed up on the stock rack to admire them. A guy wire stretched across the road knocked him down into the bottom of the truck, where he lay for a while. He was rather badly shaken up, but was soon himself again.

Sister Martina, whose good meals have done so much for the building up of the Indian kiddies' health, has been transferred elsewhere, and Sister Amelia, who hails from Chicago, is taking her place.

## IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

This year, as is the case with the other two missions, an ever-increasing number of children is asking admission at Immaculate Conception. A new building is absolutely necessary to house all the new arrivals. A

basement has already been excavated, and this lay idle all summer, since there were no funds to build over it. Now there is even less hope of any funds, since the grasshoppers destroyed all the growing potatoes, and four hundred acres of barley besides. The income of these crops would have been a great help to the mission, but it did not materialize, yet, the little ones cannot be turned away. It is God's own work, and despite all manner of discouragements, Father Justin has kept "a stiff upper lip." He has done everything possible, just so no little child need be refused admittance; he even gave up his own room one winter, and took up his abode in the wrecked laundry building, which had been abandoned as unfit for habitation; it was so cold in there, that he had to go to bed with his overcoat and fur cap on, and in the morning he had to break the ice in his pitcher before he could wash.

Now he finds that the building cannot be put off any longer, so he has called in a contractor who has agreed to start the building and wait as long as possible for his money. The walls and roof will be erected, but only the basement and first floor finished, for the present. That will take care of immediate needs, but will cost \$10,000. Who will help?

## LETTER OF I. C. M. SCHOOL BOY

Dear Readers,

Just think! I am saving many soles at Immaculate Conception Mission. But not the kind of soles that you think; every day I get two or three shoes to be soled, or if they are torn, I sew them. Another work we boys do, is to sew clothes every washday. Mondays I work in the laundry half a day, and then another boy comes. We also make picture frames and other useful articles out of wood. Sister Pauline, the boys' matron, gives violin and mandolin lessons, but I am not a musician. We are going to do a lot of scrubbing these last two weeks before school closes. And won't that be some fun! Now I say good-bye until we meet again next September.

Your friend from Siouxland,  
Andrew Cakpatao, (Wounded Knee),  
Seventh Grade.

## SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

Father Ambrose writes that his good assistant, Father Damian, is taking a great interest in the work at the missions, coming with fresh enthusiasm and zeal, and is sharing the burdens of the Mission with Father Ambrose, thus making the latter's labors a little easier. He lightens the hardest labors by the humorous view he takes of everything, and the Indians have already noticed this, and have named him "The Man with the Big Laugh." During the summer, the Sisters went on retreat to Winnipeg, Canada, 225 miles distant from Seven Dolors, and Father Damian drove up there and brought them back to the Mission. A few children remained during the summer, and with their help, the Sisters put up fruit butters and wild berries, so the children might have jam during the winter.

(Continued on page 382)



### CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!  
Each and all on Christmas Day,  
Rich and poor, in smiles or sadness,  
Read the lines I pen to-day.  
Yours and mine may be the pleasure,  
Care and woe our neighbor's share;  
Help to hear each other's burdens,  
Reach a hand to show you care.  
Is there not a joy in giving  
Service that will lighten woe?  
'T will rebound—a blessing—often  
Meeting you where'er you go.  
Angels smile, the good deed viewing,  
Singing "Gloria Deo!"

A. B. H.

Dear Boys and Girls:—I have been sitting here this morning thinking about you—scattered over the width and breadth of this great country of ours—and you in other countries across the sea—and I have been wondering what message I could put across that would be of interest to you at this holy Christmas time. And then as I idly turned the pages of an old magazine I saw a poem that expressed my own feelings so clearly it seemed almost as if the author must have received her inspiration from me, though I know she did not, for I have never before breathed a word of my thoughts out loud!

Looking back to the time when I was a little girl, perhaps as young as eight years of age, and down through the years on every Christmas eve since that time, I find myself watching the myriad twinkling stars and wondering which, of all those bright jewels, was the chosen one that shone o'er Bethlehem town and guided the trembling shepherds to the Divine Babe in the lowly stable, and I have selected one, the brightest and loveliest, and it, too, has seemed to lead me to the humble church where midnight Mass was sung, and where the little crib with its kneeling figures vivified that first Blessed Christmas.

"I do not like a roof to-night.  
I like to walk a barren field—or lie  
Face upward on a hill and watch the sky  
Sparkle with silver—and to know  
That one night, long ago,  
These same stars, with the same Hand guiding them,  
Shone down on Bethlehem.

The author repeats at the beginning of the second

stanza that she does not like to be indoors on Christmas eve. Please notice the allusion to the shepherds:

"A roof shuts out the stars—it drugs with sleep.  
I wish I were a shepherd of white sheep  
Out on the hills, and for their sake  
Must keep awake....  
And I would see the radiance of the sky,  
The rapture of the slow stars marching by:  
The near ones bright—the far ones very dim,  
But speaking every one of Him.

The last stanza is the most beautiful of the three. Note especially the last line—"The stars at Christmas guide me to Him still."

"I do not like a roof to-night.  
But from the fields, if I should hasten down  
Towards the glimmering lights of any town,  
I think that I should find the Christ-child there  
Under the star—somewhere.  
Faith or fancy—call it as you will—  
The stars at Christmas guide me to Him still."

And so, Dear Readers, one and all, may the divine gift of Faith be the star that guides you to Him, the Heavenly Babe, on His natal day, and on every day throughout the year, so that my wish for you, a "Happy New Year" may be fulfilled. God Bless you!

Aunt Agnes.

### A PIONEER CHRISTMAS

(Nearly Fifty Years Ago)

"Goin' to the Christmas tree, Miss Brown?" Mrs. Seaman was putting up a small order of groceries at the modest country store for her neighbor who had dropped in with a basket of eggs to do a little trading before the holiday. And a scant order it was, too, for in the early days in Nebraska luxuries were almost unheard of and necessities very frequently unobtainable.

Mrs. Seaman, who was popularly called "Auntie," always said "Miss" when she meant "Mrs.," but nobody minded that for the golden deeds she performed were sufficient in number to make the brightest halo about her head—if halos are made of golden deeds.

"Mercy no!" Mrs. Brown replied. "We haven't got any way to go except with the oxen, and we'd never get there till it was over if we drove them. Besides, we haven't got any money to buy Christmas presents with. I'd hate to take the children and have



them see everyone else getting a lot of nice things, and them having to go without, except for a few little trinkets."

"Well, now, I'll tell you. You folks jes' get ready and we'll drive around by your house 'bout seven with our bobsled and you can go with us. We'll put hay in the box and we'll sit down in the bottom of it, and we won't get cold. Santa Claus does funny things sometimes, and I'd like to have my little namesake see the tree. You want to go don't you, Agnes?" Little Agnes smiled shyly and nodded.

"An' I think Georgie and Willie will want to see Santa Claus. There is always plenty of candy and nuts and popcorn for everybody," the pleasant storekeeper continued.

"Well, I'll see what Lon says. If he wants to go, why I don't care," Mrs. Brown added as she gathered up her few parcels.

Christmas eve arrived, and in the little two-room house on the Brown homestead there was much excitement. Willie wanted Santa Claus to bring him a drum, and that's all he needed to make his happiness complete. Little Agnes wanted a doll, though mother tried to persuade her that Santa didn't have many dolls that year and maybe he couldn't bring her one. Georgie was much older and wiser, and he knew that it took money to put presents from Santa's pack on the tree, so he said nothing about his wishes, for when people had to burn corn stalks and buffalo chips for want of other fuel, and often had nothing to eat but johnny cake, and no coffee nor tea, nor milk, but just creek water, to drink, he knew that money could not be spent for presents. But he knew that Santa Claus never failed to provide some little gift, humble though it might be.

Soon the jingle of sleighbells was heard, and cries of "Come on! All aboard for the Christmas tree!" rang out on the frosty air.

It was great fun getting everybody tucked in. Of course little Agnes sat next to "Auntie" who wrapped her paisley shawl about the child and gave her the pretty mink muff that "came all the way from York State." Georgie stood close to his father, for he was big enough to stand more like grown-ups you know, and Willie took hold of the end of the lines to pretend he was driving. He could "gee" and "haw" as well as any man.

Away went the horses while the sleighbells jingled harmoniously filling the frosty air with melody. Down the long hill in a jiffy, into the valley by the mill, past the mill race, which looked so dark and gloomy that little Agnes snuggled up closer to "Auntie," and past the dam where water splashed and roared in the moonlight that made the banks of white foam so many ghosts whisking in and out among the shadows on the water.

Then up the long hill, past the walnut gulch at a slower pace, till the crest of "Hog's Back" was reached. Once more the spirited team breaks into a trot, and how the sleighbells jingled all the while! Hard times and grinding care was forgotten. Laugh-

ter rang out gaily, just from the sheer joy of being alive a night like this.

"I see the light of the Pleasant Valley schoolhouse. We'll soon be there. Don't go to sleep anybody!" Mother announced as she patted little Agnes on the head.

Another mile of straight road, and then an angle over the bumpy prairie that would have waked up even the sleepest.

Already the small frame schoolhouse was nearly filled, but room was made for the ladies and children while the men stood in the back of the room joking good-naturedly.

How Christmasy everything was. Cedar boughs over the windows, strung popcorn festooned about, and oh! joyous to behold—a wonderful Christmas tree in the front of the room behind a curtain that couldn't hide it all.

There were mysterious packages tied in all sorts of shapes and sizes; a woolly sheep, a furry rabbit, a bright tin horn, a string of bells, and way up on the teeny tip top of the tree, a wonderful drum with shiny edges and painted sides. There were dollies, too, in velvet caps and gowns with lacy ruffles.

Soon the program began. Songs about Santa, pieces to speak, a dialog or two, and then the curtain was drawn to reveal a big fat Santa Claus with a bucket of candy on one arm, and a bucket of apples on the other. Right down into the audience he went passing his goodies to everyone. Little Agnes drew close to mother and "Auntie" and covered up her eyes, refusing the proffered treats, so Willie took a stick of candy for her. He wasn't afraid! He had seen Santa Claus before.

Then the gifts were taken off the tree. Shouts of delight came from every corner. Willie kept his eyes steadily on the top of the tree. He was going to see just where that shiny drum went. Little Agnes saw the last one of the dolls disappear, but none had come to her. She didn't like Santa Claus. She was going right home. Just then someone brought her a box with the nicest little tea set you ever saw! A real sugar bowl and cream pitcher, cups and saucers, spoons and plates. Another box was handed her while "Auntie" Seaman winked at mother. A pair of shiny new black kid shoes with tassels! And the prettiest blue wool dress. There were some shoes at "Auntie's" store just like those, and blue goods on the shelf, too. Santa must have stopped at the store on the way.

A box of dominoes and a dissected map fell to Georgie's lot. Everything had been taken from the tree but the drum. Someone had to mount a step-ladder to get it, while Willie's eyes almost bulged from their sockets. A lady read the name, "For Willie Brown." As it was handed to him mother asked, "Why what did you get?" Straightening up with pride and in as big a voice as he could command, "Just what I wanted."

"Merry Christmas!" "Merry Christmas!" "Good night, everybody." Away they went with happy hearts



to humble homes on the bleak prairie where there were as yet no telephones, no electric lights, no radios, no automobiles—a scarcity of even the smallest comforts—but the true Christmas spirit of “peace on earth, good will to men” abounded everywhere.

Such was a typical Christmas in pioneer Nebraska fifty years ago. Agnes Brown Hering.

### JOLLY ST. NICHOLAS

The feast of St. Nicholas, special patron of children, is December 6. It is from St. Nicholas, Archbishop of Myra, in Asia Minor, during the fourth century, that the modern idea of Santa Claus has sprung. In some countries gifts are exchanged on Christmas Day and in others on December 6. In the Catholic countries of Europe the gifts at Christmas time come from the Christ Child.—You probably know that Santa Claus means “Saint Nicholas” or Nicolaus. (Santa means Saint and Claus is short for Nicolaus or Nicholas.)

### MERRY CHRISTMAS

Merry Christmas, full of glee,  
Merry bells ring merrily,  
Merry faces beaming bright,  
Merry laughter, hearts are light.  
Merry Christmas now is here,  
Merriest time of all the year.

A. B. H.

Sing a song of Christmas  
Of trees and presents fine,  
Sing of Christmas goodies,  
The table set to dine.  
Sing of friends about you,  
And those you hold most dear;  
Sing a song of happiness  
For all the glad new year!

A. B. H.

The birthday of the Christ Child seems to dispel from the hearts of men the hatred, jealousy, and meanness that prevent them from loving their fellowmen as He would have them do. When this spirit of good will takes hold of us at Christmas time, let us cherish it, hold tightly to it, and never allow it to depart from us.

### Abbey and Seminary

—Again we have enjoyed a lovely autumn—pleasant weather and no killing frost until the fore part of November. The work on the new Minor Seminary has continued almost without interruption. As we write on November 11th all of the stone walls are up with the exception of the south wall in the inner court, and that is in course of construction. The roofers have begun their task. If good weather continues, it will not take very long to put on the roof, which will have a metal base, etc., topped off with variegated tile.

—There is still another member of the class of '81, whom we inadvertently overlooked, Father Martin

Andres, who was ordained on June 11, 1881. For some time past Father Andres has been making his home with his brother in New Albany.

—Among the many visitors who called on us during the past month were two of our distinguished alumni—Bishop Emmanuel B. Ledvina, of Corpus Christi, class of '93, and Monsignor F. H. Huesmann, V. F., class of '96, who was ordained after Christmas in 1895. The Monsignor is pastor at Templeton, Iowa. Two other alumni from a distance, who likewise paid us a visit, were the Rev. Michael Helmbacher, class of '93, pastor at Oran, Mo., and the Rev. Jos. A. Munier, class of '01, pastor at Pinckneyville, Ill. Besides these, we had as our guests also the Archabbot Coadjutor of St. Ottilien, Bavaria, the Rt. Rev. Chrysostom Schmid, O. S. B., prior of the Benedictine Abbey in Korea until his election in 1929. He was accompanied by his secretary, the Rev. Pancratius Pfaffel, O. S. B., a missionary from Zululand, South Africa, who is staying for the present at the Little Flower Monastery, Newton, N. J. Still another distinguished guest was the Praemonstratensian Abbot of West De Pere, Wis., the Rt. Rev. Bernard H. Pennings, who was accompanied by the Rev. John A. Van Heertum, O. Praem., and the Rev. John D. Liebreich of Chicago. All were on their way to Evansville for Father Bede's diamond jubilee. After the celebration other friends took advantage of the proximity of St. Meinrad to pay us a visit. Among these was Monsignor F. L. Gassler, of Baton Rouge, La., who had made his classical course with the Benedictines at Engelberg in Switzerland. Father Bonaventure M. (George) Paulukas, O. P., now a missionary to the Lithuanians in the diaspora,—his countrymen in the United States—made his first visit to his *alma mater* since he left the Seminary in 1905. Monsignor W. A. Pape, class of '94, pastor of Le Mars, Iowa, who was detained by illness from attending the jubilee, came two weeks later for a visit with the jubilarian and his *alma mater*.

—As noted elsewhere in this issue Father Bede Maler, O. S. B., who has been a member of our community since 1877, and who was for long years a professor of philosophy and theology in our seminary, but now chaplain at St. Mary's Hospital, Evansville, celebrated the diamond jubilee of his ordination on October 28th.

—October 29th brought us the surprise of the season in the news that the rector of our Major Seminary, Very Rev. Columban Thuis, O. S. B., class of '11, had been elected Abbot of St. Joseph's Abbey in Louisiana near Covington, to succeed Abbot Paul Schaeuble, O. S. B., class of '89, who had retired after holding the reins of government since June 1903. As the newly elected Abbot felt that he could not accept so responsible a position, and his superior believed that, owing to a shortage of priests at St. Meinrad, it would be impossible to spare one who filled the capacity of rector of the Seminary, treasurer of the Abbey, and a member of the building committee. The Rt. Rev. President of the Swiss-American Congregation, Abbot

Philip Ruggle, O. S. B., of Conception, Mo., who had presided over the election in Louisiana, came on the following day to counsel acceptance. At the same time a cablegram was received from Rome, urging the Abbot-elect not to refuse the office to which he had been duly elected. There being no avenue of escape, consent was given and the election was forthwith confirmed. From the viewpoint of our present needs, the losing of so efficient a member of our community was no small matter. Things will, of course, in time adjust themselves. But our present loss is St. Joseph's gain. Heartiest congratulations!

—On November 4th Abbot-elect Columban left for St. Joseph's Abbey, where he was officially installed in office on Nov. 6th. Arrangements were also made with Archbishop Shaw of New Orleans for the solemn abbatial blessing, which will take place in the new Abbey Church at St. Joseph's on January 6th. In the meantime the Abbot-elect will settle his affairs in Indiana before going south to reside permanently. Father Gabriel, who is expected back from Rome towards the end of November, will take over the late rector's class in philosophy; Father Meinrad, who has been assistant treasurer during the past year, has been appointed secretary and treasurer of the Abbey. Our prayers and best wishes accompany Abbot Columban to the sunny South. *Ad multos annos!*

—All Saints Day was celebrated as usual with Pontifical High Mass. The splendid singing of the chancel choir added much to the solemnity. Father Prior was celebrant of the Solemn Requiem on All Souls Day. In keeping with time-honored custom the cemetery was visited both after Vespers on All Saints and after the Mass on All Souls. Many took advantage of the *toties-quoties* plenary indulgence to be gained from noon on the first to midnight on the second.

—The seminarians put on a minstrel, which was presented to the public on Nov. 8 and 15. A dress rehearsal was given to the student body and the community on the evening of the third.

—A Solemn Pontifical Requiem was offered up on Nov. 5 for our deceased confreres, relatives, and benefactors. The Office of the Dead preceded the Mass.

—Father Benno Gerber, O. S. B., the senior priest of the community, has for some weeks past been confined to his bed by an infirmity that is sapping his strength. In view of his great weakness, it was deemed advisable to administer the last sacraments on the morning of Nov. 8. This took place shortly after the community Communion Mass, when all accompanied the Blessed Sacrament in procession to the venerable patient's room and back again to the church, where private Benediction was given to those assembled around the altar. Father Benno, who passed his 86th birthday on Nov. 2, is the last of the pioneers who were present on Mar. 21, 1854, when formal possession was taken of the log cabin that eventually became St. Meinrad Abbey and Seminary.

—Father Anselm Schaaf, who has been rector of St. Meinrad Minor Seminary since the election of

Abbot Coadjutor Ignatius in March, 1930, has been transferred to a like position in the Major Seminary to succeed Abbot-elect Columban Thuis as rector. The vacancy created in the Minor Seminary by this change will be filled by Father Stephen Thuis, who has been spiritual director of the students since the opening of school. Father Meinrad, who was spiritual director last year, has been reappointed to this important office.

—The flu made its appearance in school rather early this year. Quite a number of the students have yielded to its sway.

—The death on Nov. 3 of the Rev. Norbert Felden, class of '05, a priest of the diocese of Fort Wayne, came to us as a surprise. Father Felden had been in poor health for some time. This was the second death in the class of '05. Father John Kohl of the same diocese passed way in 1929.

### BOOK NOTICES

*Symbols of Immortality*, by Evelyn M. Watson, Litt. B., is another poetic heritage bequeathed to mortal man for his workaday and holiday moods. Each one of the 137 poems, varying in length, theme, form, and beauty as the host of butterflies—"Love's Messengers"—that the author has chosen (perhaps, too often) as symbols of a life that never dies, breathes that lightness of spirit that wrests man's soul from the forces that would chain it to the dust which his feet must tread. 162 pages; Cloth; \$1.50. Christopher Publ. House, Boston. P. K.

*Pictures and Persons*, by Dom Leonard Sargent. Published by St. Anselm's Priory, Washington, D. C. Pp. ix+95. Cloth, with four illustrations, \$2.00.

This is a most interesting account of Dom Leonard's journey to the Church. He himself is of old New England stock, and came to Catholicism through the Episcopal order of the Holy Cross of which he was one of the founders. In his early school days he was associated with Unitarianism until he became a Junior at Harvard when he entered the Episcopal Church. A friend brought him a copy of Dr. Ewer's "Failure of Protestantism" and introduced him to the "Cowley Fathers,"—in reality the Society of St. John the Evangelist. Both the book and the Cowley Fathers created an influence which never ceased to act until Father Sargent was within the pale of Mother Church. He was ordained at St. Sulpice in Boston and worked among the colored people in Baltimore, and Memphis, Tennessee. J. P.

*Fundamental Theology*, by the Rev. John Brunan, S. V. D., freely adapted and edited by Arthur Preuss. Volume III. B. Herder Book Co., (15 & 17 South Broadway), St. Louis, Mo. Price, net: \$4.00.

In this, the third volume of the series is treated the establishment and the nature of the Church, hierarchical position of the Apostles, Primacy of St. Peter, the object of the Church, properties and notes of the Church. The name of the translator alone gives assurance of the value of this work. It is well arranged and divided, the proofs and the objections are clearly given, and it is up to date. For the student of theology it is a welcome addition to his textbooks, the more so as it is in English, which in our days is a real necessity for many. It is to be regretted that the use of Latin is waning. For those not knowing sufficient Latin, as we find among educated laymen, it will be most welcome. The print is especially to be praised. A. B.

*Prayerbook for Catholics*, with an optional Sunday and Holyday Missal, by Rev. Placid Schmid, Benedictine of Conception Abbey, Conception, Mo., is published by Lawrence N. Daleiden, (617 Fulton St.), Chicago. Price, binding all flexible with round corner: \$2.00 to \$4.50. Prayerbook without the Missal Inserts, 75¢ less.

Here we have the prayerbook and also the Missal. The special parts of the Mass for each Sunday and Holyday and feasts falling on Sundays, are given on separate leaflets which may be inserted in the prayerbook as needed. Inside the back cover is a pocket for same. After it has been used it is put back again into the receptacle. As the leaflets are numbered there is no difficulty in arranging them orderly. This prayerbook and missal will surely be welcome to many who wish to take active part in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, as this is now to be promoted. The prayerbook is complete, containing daily prayers, prayers for Holy Mass, afternoon devotions, Litanies approved for private devotions, prayers at the reception of the Holy Sacraments, Communion prayers, prayers for principal seasons and festivals, Lent and Passiontide, Eastertide, Pentecost, Blessed Trinity, Blessed Sacrament, etc., and prayers for various occasions.

A. B.

*The Lay Apostle*, After the Heart of St. Benedict, by Norbert Schachinger, O. S. B., Kremsmuenster Abbey, Austria. Translated from the German by the Sisters of St. Benedict's Convent. St. John's University Press, Collegeville, Minn. IV and 76 pages; paper cover.

As the title indicates, this booklet is to help to train lay apostles. Our Holy Father again and again emphasizes the great need of lay apostles in our day. In this work the author follows the holy rule of St. Benedict, which has proven for centuries that it is a safe guide for souls. It is well adapted for laymen. May they make use of the same and become apostles for our time, which so greatly needs the lay apostolate.

A. B.

*The Sciences Dependent*, by J. Arthur M. Richey. Richard Badger, Publisher; The Gorham Press; Boston. Price, \$2.00.

As the author himself states, the title could also be Science with a Sense of Humor, but he preferred the one chosen. The book is dedicated to the spirit of wisdom and understanding. The manner in which the author treats his subjects as to science, religion, humanity, politics, will appeal to the reader, who will be well satisfied as he takes up the modern scientists. One draws the conclusion that for the true scientists the source of all is of divine origin. There is no contradiction between science and religion.

A. B.

Very few men in Church or State have had so many biographers following immediately their demise as Knute K. Rockne. They have come in a succession that reminds one of the touchdowns of his great teams. This meteoric man lived a brief span as lives are measured, and yet he assembled more enthusiasms than captains of industry or presidents of the United States.

The autobiography, just published by the Indianapolis firm, Bobbs-Merrill, is his authentic record. It is not complete, but it covers those flaming years when Rockne lifted football from a game to a pageant, from a push and a pull against physical opposition to a rhythmic movement, followed by sudden escape out of cover, as of a fox with hounds in pursuit. That is how Rockne taught the game of football, and that in the main is how his teams played the game.

In his story Rockne gives us little asides between himself and his players, between himself and officials, or opposing coaches. And there are problems, troubles,

hopes, failures, enthusiasms of certain well-known players, and certain others less well-known, which Rockne retells, and which show Rockne to be more than a thimble-man of football. He unconsciously pictures himself as human and patient and kind; and at times somewhat of an irate father scolding boys who have gone out of bounds. Above all, this autobiography gives authenticity to certain floating traditions about tricks, strategies, exchanges of wit that hitherto had not been given the anchorage of certitude. Rockne in his autobiography has bestowed the substance of truth to many of them.

Mrs. Bonnie Skiles Rockne, wife of the coach, contributes a short editorial note which is concerned largely with the Rockne household and family prayers. It is pensive and wifely and has nothing to do with "Four Horsemen" or "National Champions." Mrs. Rockne's field of play, you will readily gather, is between four walls, not between four goal posts.

Friends of the great coach will be happy that Father John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., who went out into the desert to see, and discovered Rockne, has written an Introduction and a Postscript. Both are done in Father Cavanaugh's finest manner. The Introduction traces Rockne's ancestry and his life in this country until he came to Notre Dame. There are some very intimate glimpses of Rockne, the student at the University, as sketched by the former President. The Postscript carries on the coach's unfinished story. Not much is left to tell, and that much is tragic and very lonely. Father Cavanaugh tells it in a language restrained and delicate. It is a piece of writing in which the tone is subdued and resigned and religious. Probably no other writer on Rockne will say so much in so few pages as Father Cavanaugh has said.

P. J. C.

*When Washington Was Young*, by Mabel Ansley Murphy. 270 pages with seven colored illustrations. Bound in cloth with attractive jacket. Published by Laidlaw Brothers, 320 E. 21st St., Chicago. Price \$1.50.

Our acquaintance with George Washington is in many cases limited to the struggles of the Revolution and the first days of the Union. In her new book, Mabel Ansley Murphy, the author of "American Leaders," etc., gives us a beautiful story of Washington's childhood, spent partly at Hunting Creek, partly at Pine Grove Farm, of his adolescence and young manhood. We are shown the sources of the great commander's ability to lead and his indomitable courage in the character of his very stern, severe, and exacting mother. To his father, more sympathetic, but nevertheless firm, are attributed his winning ways with his men and servants. Washington's childhood was well directed by the prudent admonitions of sensible parents supplemented by the timely use of peach rods. The warmest affection bound George to his sister Betty and to his half brothers Lawrence and John. The story is not told exclusively for children, though even boys and girls of grade-school age will enjoy the book. The account of proud Braddock's refusal, in his ignorance, to accept the helpful counsel of the pioneers, and the graphic description of his defeat which followed, and of Washington's fidelity even when maltreated by the impatient and confused Englishman, will live long in the memories of those who read them. Who can but wonder at the virtue of a man who, though so sick that he had to ride to the scene of the battle on the flat of his back, went for seven days without changing or removing his clothes, spending at times twenty-four unbroken hours in the saddle? In the grip of such a story, the reader will pardon the few typographical errors in the book that escaped the proof reader's notice. Footnotes identify the places spoken of in the story with present towns and roads.

J. P.





Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## On the Crest of the Wave

CHAPTER XVI—LILY BECOMES A GODMOTHER

"WHERE are you going?" asked Lily of her roommate.

"Down to the basement to iron those things you washed last night."

"But you have commercial class to-night."

"I know it. But I have forty-five minutes before it begins."

"I'll be with you in about fifteen minutes—as soon as I finish basting on these ruffles." Lily had begun a new dress at the sewing class on Tuesday night. Madeline proceeded downstairs, plugged in an iron at one of the folding ironing boards that stood ranged along the wall, and began sorting out Lily's washing and her own. For awhile she neither saw nor heard anything; she was ironing as fast as she could. Lily was right; why waste good evenings on chores when they might be slipped in at odd moments?

She heard the doorbell ring upstairs several times, and each time she had an odd delightful feeling—that perhaps Ronald might ignore her plea of commercial class, and come anyway. But she quickly hushed that up; silly thing, she called herself. She would attend soberly to her business, and not allow her head to be turned by anyone however glamorous. Yet every time the bell rang, her heart fluttered strangely. After one of those times, Lily came running down the basement stairs, holding a large box in her arms. It was wrapped in fancy gilt paper and tied with red satin ribbon, with a red waxen rose tucked in at the many-looped bow. Madeline's back was turned, so she did not see Lily until the latter was at her side.

"Say! What on earth are you doing?" asked Lily, eyeing the garments that Madeline had been ironing.

"Why, ironing, of course. I don't think I could have been playing the piano all this time, unless I've been unconscious." There was a mischievous smile upon her lips; she continued ironing industriously. Lily placed her hands upon her hips, the box held in the crook of her elbow.

"Who told you to iron my clothes?" she asked, in mock severity. "Just for that I have a mind not to give you this!"

"Give me what?"

"Oh, don't pretend you're blind. Here! Sit down in

the corner and for goodness' sake let me see what's inside. I'll iron my own clothes."

"No sir, you won't. You washed mine, so I iron yours. Tit for tat. See?" And she unceremoniously laid the gorgeous box down upon a chair and refused to relinquish the iron to Lily.

"Now that's a girl for you," said the latter, addressing the other girls in the basement. "Here she gets a present from her beau, and she won't even let us see what it is."

"She's afraid we might want some," tittered a girl manipulating an electric ironer.

"She doesn't want a crowd around when she opens it. Have a heart," protested another.

"Come on, girls, help me pry that iron out of her hands," cried still another. "We've got to see what's in that box." One girl took the iron away, and another plunked the box in Madeline's arms; a third pressed her down into a near-by chair.

"Now; open it!" they cried, crowding around her. First, she examined the little card attached to the ribbon.

"Ah! Who's it from?" they asked. But Madeline smiled, quickly tore it off and hid it in her bosom.

"I know. It's from the millionaire kid," said one.

"Is it from the fellow who tickled the ivories last night?"

"Guess again!" replied Madeline archly. But all this time she was carefully unwrapping the box. When she lifted the lid, there was a chorus of *ah's* and *oh's* at sight of the dainty confections, candied fruit and nut bonbons, placed between delicate paper lace, and wrapped in many-colored silver foil.

"Isn't it perfectly beautiful?" she asked, hating to disturb its serried perfection. "But candy is as candy tastes," she said, sighing, "so I guess we might as well break into it. Here; have some," holding the box out to the nearest girl.

"Not on your necktie; I don't want to be an old maid," replied the girl, stepping back.

"Then you, Hildegard."

"Not the first piece—thank you. Let someone else start it." One after another refused to be the first to take a piece.

"Well, since you are all so superstitious, I'll take the first piece myself. See? I'm not afraid." But the girls besought her to put it back, their voices filled with horror.

"Oh, no, Madeline, I wouldn't if I were you."

"Why not?" asked Lily. "She's the least likely of any of us to be an old maid—not with that fellow on her string. He's a fast worker; she probably won't be here many months. You'll pick at least ten bridesmaids from amongst us, won't you, Madeline? Please do." But one girl deliberately made Madeline put the piece back into its fluted paper basket.

"Say, listen, silly!" she protested. "Do you want to blight this budding romance? You're liable to make him stop coming if you take the first piece. I wouldn't take any chances." Madeline burst out laughing.

"Well, for goodness' sake, *somebody's* got to take the first piece!"

"Give it to old lady Marvin; she isn't likely to marry again," suggested someone.

"Oh, boy! Good thing she didn't hear you!" teased another. "You'd be looking for a new boarding house to-morrow."

"Come here!" said Lily at last, coming to the front. "Give me that old first piece. I'm going to be an old maid anyway, so I might as well have it." But the girls protested again.

"Don't you do it, Lil. Here! Why not throw it out of the window?"

"Throw good candy like that out of the window?" asked Lily with a grimace. "Huh, not if I know it. Here! Give me that big round piece of candied pineapple with the cherry in the center. That's to compensate me for taking the blight upon myself. Thanks." And she immediately took a large bite out of it. "There now the curse is broken. Help yourselves, children." The girls laughed at her for being so generous to herself, but they no longer refused to take some candy from the box, and by the time they all had some, the first beautiful layer had been demolished.

"That's a shame," said Lily to her roommate upstairs, after they had brought their ironed garments to their room. "I was a fool for bringing the box down to the basement. The hungry things ate it all up for you."

"Oh, I don't mind. I still have two full layers left. Enough for you and me to read ourselves to sleep on for a week or so."

"Not me. I'm not touching any more of it. What do you think I am?"

"My best friend, I hope. Anything you have is always mine, according to your philosophy, so what's mine is yours. Savvy? Now don't quarrel any more about it, because if you refuse to take it when I offer it to you, I'll stuff it down your throat. See?"

"I see. Won't you please begin right now?" With a laugh, Madeline did. The evening floated by on wings, for during commercial class, Ronald's bonbons seemed to intersperse all the dry banking rules and shorthand characters and grammar diagrams, and in spite of herself, she was blissfully happy. To cap the climax, after class, when she was walking down the corridor to her room, the phone at the end of the hall rang, and there being no one else about, she answered it. She had expected it to be he, and it was.

"Hello? How's the little business woman?" asked Ronald.

"Just great; and thanks so much for the lovely box of candy."

"Is it the kind you like? I wasn't sure."

"Need you ask? It was the most gorgeous box I ever saw, and so tempting, I can't keep away from it. If I am ill to-morrow, you can blame yourself."

"Well, I'm glad it hit the spot so well. Does the roommate approve? I noticed that she has constituted herself a sort of protectress over you."

"Ron, she's a darling. Do you know, she washed my things with hers last night just so I could go out with you."

"Well! Then she *must* be a brick. I got that impression of her. Does she approve of—me? I mean, as a proper escort for yourself?"

"She's your hard and fast champion. She shakes her finger and threatens me when I even mention declining a date with you."

"Is that right? Well, long life to her; I hope she keeps on shaking and shaking her finger at you. How about to-morrow night? All set for the Country Club?"

"Oh, that's what I wanted to talk to you about, Ron. You know, I've been taking catechism instructions for two months, and Father White thinks I am ready for baptism now. He has set the date for to-morrow morning before the six-o'clock Mass in our little chapel. Then, in the evening I am to go to confession, and on Sunday morning I make my First Holy Communion. Lily is to be my godmother, but as yet, I haven't found a godfather."

"Say! How about me? Oh—but wait a minute! I forgot. No, I can't be your godfather. Please don't ask me." Madeline was puzzled.

"Why not? That's not very complimentary to me, is it?"

"Indeed, it is very, very complimentary. You see—I—I'm—you understand, don't you?"

"No, I don't understand."

"Ask Lily. She'll know."

"I don't know what you're talking about, but anyway, you understand that I won't be able to go to the Country Club?"

"No, I suppose you won't, in that case. I—ah, wonder if I would be allowed to come to chapel Sunday morning to see you make your First Communion?"

"Well—I suppose I could get permission for you."

"Will you do that?"

"I'll ask."

It was 9:45 by the time the conversation was ended and Madeline entered her room. Lily was out, so Madeline prepared for bed, thinking of the happiness which awaited her on the morrow, and trying not to be distracted by that other joy, which kept singing in her soul in spite of herself. Lily came in at ten, and her roommate pretended to be sound asleep, seeing which, the older girl tiptoed around very carefully, so as not to wake her. Once she went close to the bedside and bent over Madeline, for she imagined the latter's

eyelids fluttered once or twice. Madeline could hold out no longer, but burst out laughing and opened her eyes.

"Did I have you fooled?" she asked, in a low voice, because everyone was supposed to be quiet as a mouse after ten.

"I'll say you did. Say, I have a godfather for you."

"Yes? Who?"

"An old boy friend of mine who popped in here just after you left for class. I had all but forgotten he existed. He'd been away to New York, studying commercial art, and now he's landed a job in our city."

"Well! That sounds good. Doesn't look as if that piece of pineapple you ate had any ill effect on your future."

"Now, don't be too hasty. I didn't say I was marrying him or anything. But I did sign him up for you. It was nervy of me, but I gave him the third degree in order to find out if he was still a practical Catholic. He is."

"Thank you. I was about to ask Ronald Westover, but he thought of it before I had a chance to ask him, and very politely refused to be my sponsor."

"Oh, my dear! Whatever did you want to do that for?"

"Do what?"

"Ask him."

"I didn't. He suggested himself, and then suddenly decided he couldn't. Now, what do you think of that?" Lily wisely nodded her head and smiled without saying a word.

"I see," she finally remarked.

"What do you see? He said to ask you. You are supposed to know the reason. Have you two been—" Lily shook with silent laughter.

"My dear child," she said, placing her arm about Madeline who was sitting up on the bed now, "do you mean to say you don't understand what he means—but, of course, how silly of me! You couldn't be expected to know that." Madeline's patience was becoming threadbare.

"For heaven's sake—know what? Don't keep me in suspense."

"That a godfather cannot marry his godchild."

"A godfather can't—" Lily shook her head in the negative.

"It's against the rules," she supplemented. Meanwhile, it was dawning upon Madeline what it all meant, and slowly, a deep blush mounted her cheeks. She turned to hide her confusion and buried her face in her pillow. "That's laying your cards upon the table," commented Lily, matter-of-factly, as she carefully hung her dress in the closet and put on her felt slippers. Madeline tried to change the subject.

"And about your boy friend—my future godfather. You did a little shrewd thinking yourself, didn't you."

"How's that?"

"By linking him with you as godmother." It was Lily's turn to blush.

"Now, Madeline, if you were'n't such a good friend of mine—he really means nothing to me. I admit,

sometimes I used to wonder what had become of him, but I never lost any sleep over the matter."

"That's all right, darling. You needn't try to excuse yourself. Fact is, I wasn't worrying about you, but about myself. How in the world are the two of you going to see that I remain a good Catholic unless you are together? Now, that sounds reasonable to me." For answer, Lily pushed her friend backward onto the pillows, covered her up to the neck and kissed her fondly.

"Now, dearie, it seems to me you are doing entirely too much talking for one who has to get up at five to-morrow morning. I'll set my alarm, and see that you jump up the moment I call you. Do you hear?"

"I will. Good night," replied Madeline, settling herself more comfortably.

The night flew by, for it seemed to Madeline that scarcely had she closed her eyes when the alarm rang. Lily did not need to call her; she was up and washing before Lily had rubbed her eyes awake. When her friend was safely behind the curtain of the shower in their little bathroom, and making a great splashing, Lily jumped up, rummaged in her closet, and quickly brought out a flat box and some smaller parcels. These she quickly opened and laid carefully on Madeline's bed. Hardly had she finished arranging them, when the former re-entered the room—and caught her breath with surprise and wonder. For there, lying on her bed, were, a white georgette dress, white slippers and stockings, and a white celluloid prayer book and rosary. Lily led her up to the bed.

"There; hurry and put these on with my best wishes."

"Oh, Lily, you shouldn't have done that! I was just going to use my velvet Sunday dress. Why did you spend all that money?"

"Well, one isn't a godmother every day. And I do want to be proud of my godchild's appearance, just like any other mother would."

"Oh, Lily!" And Madeline threw her arms around her friend's neck and kissed her and thanked her with tears in her eyes.

(To be continued)

## Christmas Dinner

Christmas brings many thoughts; the children see it in terms of a glittering tree, with mysterious packages banked all about its base; the young people think of the round of merry parties and dances; but mother's mind is occupied, like Martha, "with many things," chiefest of which is the gala Christmas dinner which she is expected to bring forth miraculously from the depths of the kitchen. To Johnny and Susie, as the holidays come near, the kitchen is the most fascinating place in the house, with its enticing smells, and nibbles of good things which are being made "to put away" until the magic day itself.

Of course, all the old stand-by's will be there—the turkey or goose or ducks or chickens, the chestnut stuffing, candied sweet potatoes, celery and cranberry



sauce—and a host of particular viands for which each family has its own special liking. But many of the old favorites may be served in new ways, some of them carrying out the Christmas color scheme.

It is nice to serve the cranberries in individual moulds, allowing four cups berries to one cup water and two of sugar, straining through a sieve and boiling. If fresh mint is obtainable, a sprig of this stuck into the top of each mould is pretty, or chopped and sprinkled over the top. Or a pastry bag may be used and whipped cream forced through to make a design across the top and around the base of each mould.

The plum pudding, too, is nice served individually, and each serving may have a sprig of holly stuck in it. Small individual mince or pumpkin pies find ready flavor, and the celery stalks may be stuffed with peanut butter and decorated by alternating strips of green pepper and red pimento pressed into the butter, to give a Christmasy appearance. Of course, there should be a bright red and green salad—perhaps a mould of tomato jelly containing peas, small cubes of raw carrot, celery and peppers, and laid on a crisp green lettuce leaf, with plenty of mayonnaise at hand in a dainty serving dish with glass or silver ladle, for those who are not on a diet.

Nuts may be served ready shelled in bright red and green crepe paper baskets, which the young daughter of the house may take pleasure in making herself as her contribution to the gayety of the day. Or salted almonds may be served in pretty little green glass dishes. The almonds are shelled, blanched by pouring hot water over them, and then let down into oil kept at boiling point, in a wire basket, until they are a delicate brown. Then take out and drain on absorbent paper, and salt them.

Figs and dates may be stuffed with fondant or nuts or both. When stuffed with nuts alone, they are merely rolled in granulated sugar. Figs may have to be tied to retain the stuffing; roll in a little fondant with a nut pressed in, and tie with the narrow bright red straw ribbon with which candy boxes are tied. It may be obtained in green also and some tied with each color.

### *A Christmas Legend*

Prince Josephus was a quiet, studious young man, devoted to his religion, and full of compassion for the poor. He never followed the example of his three brothers, who were brilliant, attractive, and led wild, uncurbed lives, nor did he frequent the court, where all was pomp and glitter and vanity. Instead, he remained up in his room, studying from bulky scientific tomes, with regular hours for prayer, and spending many an absorbed vigil before the tabernacle. His one and only recreation was a daily excursion among the poor, disguised in plain clothing, learning the wants of the poverty-stricken, that he might secretly supply them.

His father gave him as ample an allowance as his

brothers, but none of it was used on himself; instead, he reveled in spending it on those who were not able to buy the necessities of life. He would walk about, loiter among the people of the poorer districts, and listen closely, while seeming to be just an idler. Thus, he heard many a tale of woe and want from the lips of women whose only consolation was to tell their troubles to their next-door neighbors, who were in like circumstances. On learning what was most needed in a certain family, he would hasten away to the shops, purchase the articles, and then wait to deliver them under cover of the night. After everyone was sleeping, he would slip out, lay the parcel on the indigent person's doorstep, knock loudly, and run away.

One Christmas Eve he was walking about, as was his custom, learning the wants of the people. But as it was bitter cold, folks did not loiter about much, but hastened on their errands, in order to be back as quickly as possible in the shelter of their poor shacks. The snow fell in heavy flakes, and soon made walking difficult. He did not hear much on that day, so he was forced to stop little children who came along, and question them. He learned where they lived, and jotted it all down in a small parchment book which he carried.

By evening he had purchased an immense basketful of clothing and food, and even some toys for the little ones whom he had met that day. It had snowed all day, but when it was nearing midnight, the sky cleared, and the stars came out. The great basket was too heavy for Prince Josephus to carry alone, so he engaged the services of a trusted lackey to help him. The Prince held the handle of the basket in one hand, and a lighted lantern in the other, for some of the narrow streets were very dark and uneven.

They would set the basket down at the head of a street, and the prince would pick out the parcels he needed, lay them on the doorsteps, knock and run away. From a safe hiding place he would peep out and enjoy the happiness of the recipients as they opened their door. Their basket was only half emptied, when suddenly the lantern went out. There were no matches in those days, and flint and steel meant a lengthy and ticklish operation. They tried and tried, but could not relight it, and a biting gale was blowing, threatening to freeze their fingers if they lingered any longer. The street was pitchy black, and to proceed in such darkness would be necessarily slow and even dangerous. Prince Josephus bowed his head in prayer, and then prepared to try once more to get a light to the wick. Suddenly a radiant presence stood before them, smiled, reached up toward Heaven, and a star fell with a streak of light, directly into its outstretched hand. This star it placed in the lantern, closed the slide, and disappeared.

Prince Josephus charged the lackey never to speak a word of the occurrence to any living soul.—But, if the lackey had obeyed, we would never have heard of it, and there would have been one beautiful Christmas legend less in the world.

### The Immaculate Conception

A wreath of silvery cloud, a dazzling light as of a hundred suns, the flash of a white satin robe, the lovely grace of a long, blue silk veil, a countenance whose unearthly beauty is equalled only by that of God Himself, lovely, slender hands, from whose graceful finger tips issue long rays of light—streams of grace, reaching down to earth. Woman more beautiful or more beloved never walked the earth. "Our fallen nature's solitary boast"—no other woman ever did or ever will hold a dignity such as hers, nor was any other woman ever asked to take upon herself the life of sorrows that Mary did. For when she bowed her lovely head and said, "Be it done unto me according to thy word," she consented to everything—anything the Almighty might send down upon her was acceptable, be it good or bad. But like the queen she was, she bore everything with dignity and humility, never falling into useless panic, but calmly leaving everything to the Heavenly Father, Whose will she always performed perfectly.

The first vision of the Immaculate Conception was vouchsafed to a poor, simple peasant girl of France, in the year 1830. This maiden cherished a most tender devotion to the Blessed Mother from her earliest years, as also a secret desire to enter the religious life, from which no one could deter her, although her father tried. She was Zoe Labouré, later Sister Catherine, who beheld the vision above described, had medals struck in accordance with the design suggested by the Blessed Virgin herself, and strove in every way possible to spread the devotion to the Immaculate Conception.

The second vision was vouchsafed also to a peasant girl of France, (eldest daughter of the Church, France is called, since she gave so many saints to the Church) and this occurred twenty-eight years later, at a spot where the girl and her two friends went by chance to gather firewood. Likewise this simple peasant girl had a great love for Mary, and never went without her rosary, which she silently told, bead by bead, as she walked along. How many of our great saints were poor, simple, unlettered souls, chosen by our Lord and His Mother, to bring important messages to His people on earth, for "His conversation," in the words of Thomas à Kempis, "is not with the wicked, but with the humble and the simple."

This was Bernadette Soubirous, to whom the Blessed Mother appeared in the grotto of the mountain at Lourdes in 1858. This good Mother, in the love and tenderness of her heart, was not satisfied to scatter many favors and cures by means of the medal which she charged Sister Catherine to have made, but she longed to draw the people of all climes and countries to her feet by providing for them a clinic, as it were, where they might bring their bodily ills, for her to cure. We are all familiar with this vision.

Later, when her Immaculate Conception was proclaimed a dogma of the Church, our Mother was crowned in her full glory as queen of heaven and earth, and she triumphed over all the enemies who desired to deprive her of this great prerogative.

### Recipes

**MOLASSES COOKIES:** Cream 1 cup shortening with 1 cup sugar; add 1 cup molasses. Sift 2 cups flour with 4 teaspoons soda, 2 teaspoons ginger, 2 teaspoons cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cloves,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon salt, and add alternately to first mixture with 1 cup sour milk. Add enough more flour to make a soft dough. Roll and cut out in fancy shapes, sprinkle sugar on top and bake five to eight minutes in rather quick oven.

### Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 372)

Father also states that the Federal Government is now doing its utmost to arrest the frightful scourge of tuberculosis that is ravaging the Indian race. A large number of children are being taken care of in hospitals, but as soon as the relatives learn that there is no hope for their child, they insist on bringing him home, often to miserable hovels. A good county road has been built during the summer, leading from the Mission to the Federal Highway a few miles distant, thus making traveling conditions for our missionaries a great deal better. The Government Superintendent has been employing mostly Indian men in the work, thus giving them an opportunity to support their needy families.

Send in all the clothing possible, so that Father may be able to help all those who come to him for aid. And a few cents a month, if dollars are impossible, will enable him to make those much-needed improvements.

### THOSE WHO SENT TIN FOIL, ROSARIES, ETC.

Mrs. M. G. Burke, Richmond Hills, L. I., N. Y.; Mrs. Laura Schulz, New Orleans; Mrs. Mary Campbell, Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. F. J. Mohrman, St. Louis; Miss V. Rosenberger, Frostburg, Md.; Mrs. E. J. Douglas, White Plains, N. Y.; Michael Ronayne, Leola, S. D.; Mrs. Arthur Bannon, Struthers, O.; S. Carroll, Detroit; Kate Gleeson, Atchison; Marg. Gorman, Norwalk, Conn.; Mrs. Jos. Ganz, Phila., Pa.; B. Burns, Cinti., O.; Mrs. Theo. Stallboris, Hanover, Kans. Send religious articles, beads, tin foil, broken jewelry to Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

### Kweery Korner

(Continued from page 370)

highly edified some time ago in a retreat to be told by a young and beautiful woman that the wearing of a crucifix around her neck had repeatedly kept her from falling into certain temptations and had brought her singular blessings.

**NOTE:**—The editor of KWEERY KORNER wishes to extend to all the readers of his column a very Merry Christmas and a truly Happy New Year. May the Infant Jesus grant you every yuletide happiness and bless abundantly the coming year with all favors, both spiritual and temporal.



## Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.



**Mr. R.**—"If you would tell us to-day what is good food and what is bad food, we might be able to get some sense out of it."

**Dr. H.**—"I am sorry we can not do just such a clear cut thing as that. All food is good for its own purpose, when taken in the right proportions. The secret of food is the 'right proportion.' We have three food principles or heads under which all foods fall. These are proteids, fats, and carbohydrates. The proteids are for repair, the fats and carbohydrates for giving energy. Energy is called for in all actions of the body—running, walking, working, and even thinking. Energy exhausts certain cells in the body in its production, and the proteids build up these cells again."

"Now you see how a man that works hard requires more food than the one who is sitting perhaps in an office all day. That is the first point I want to make. The next bears on your question about all the good foods and all the bad foods. Any food is good for the person that needs it, but even the laborer may eat more meat than he requires for repair, and what happens then? What happens to the fire when you fill your furnace with coal beyond its capacity? It smokes and does not draw so well for a time, and then it produces too much heat. In the end you will find some of the coal changed in its nature, and clogging your grate. That is about what happens in your body when you stoke it too much meat. Again, if you eat too much fats and carbohydrates, the body will use what it needs, and store the rest away in the form of great rolls of fat very unsightly and heavy. You must carry this load with you wherever you go. It is of no possible good to you and never will be, except, perhaps, if you were cast ashore on a desert island, you would have a chance to live longer than your thin companions. However, this chance will hardly compensate for the disadvantage of carrying a load around with you that will cause the arches of your feet to flatten out on account of the weight put on them. This will prevent you taking the necessary exercise, for fallen arches give great distress in walking. You do not get enough fresh air, you suffer from pains in the joints, and in the end your usefulness is over long before your allotted span."

**Mrs. C.**—"Indeed, Doctor, we see people like that every day and I think they are to be pitied."

**Mr. R.**—"And is there no cure at all for it, Doctor?"

**Dr. H.**—"There is a cure for nearly every case, but not as you may suppose, by taking some kind of medicine, but by retracing our steps to the highway of health from which we have wandered. We must cease to clog up our system with too much proteids and we must cease to eat too much fats and carbohydrates, for they are only stored away in great masses in the loose reticular tissue of the body, and lastly we must exercise to get rid of our excess baggage, that is fast becoming a whole day's work to carry round."

**Mr. R.**—"Well, that seems simple enough. I'll have the wife go over and tell Mrs. Drake to stop eating too much and to walk more. That woman is just digging her grave with her teeth."

**D. H.**—"You show considerable discretion in sending your wife with that message, but it is not all so easy as you think. I am well aware that 'reducing' has become such a fad that it is considered smart to talk about diets, and to boast of their efficacy. It is even common for persons to go to the drugstore for some patent medicine to slenderize their figures. I know of few disabilities from which the ordinary person suffers that requires more skill on the part of the doctor or more courage and perseverance, and faith in their mental adviser on the part of the patient to overcome successfully, than overweight."

"In the first place, before any such a task is undertaken, it is absolutely necessary to consult a competent doctor, for the condition may rise from some trouble with these obscure glands of the body that have so much to do with the change of the food we eat to heat, and energy, and repair material. If the trouble is with the glands, naturally the treatment will be directed toward that point. Again, it may not be the quantity of the food but the kind—the lack of proportion in the food. It is possible for a person to be starving for the lack of some vital principle in the food while he is overeating as to amount of food stuffs. Lastly, the cause of overweight may be an inordinate desire for food, a condition that rises from habit more than anything else. This habit has its roots in the feeling that we eat for pleasure. As a matter of fact, it is a wrong attitude toward food, for though there may be a satisfaction in eating well prepared food that is not the purpose, but rather to sustain life. People who have been very poor and knew what it was to be hungry, often, after they have acquired affluence, eat too much, also wealthy people who not having a definite purpose in life, seek pleasure in simple and primitive impulses."

"Where do the jellyfish get their jelly from?" asked Tommy, puzzled.

"From the ocean currents, of course," suggested his elder sister.

Sophomore—Where's your roommate?

Junior—Well, if the ice is as thick as he thinks it is, he's skating. If it's as thin as I think it is, he's swimming.

"Why are you crying, my little man?"

"Boo! Hoo! 'cause my brother has holidays and I haven't."

"Why don't you have holidays?"

"'Cause I don't go to school yet."



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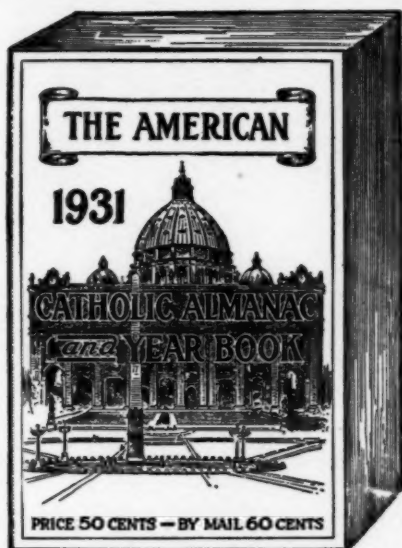
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Who founded the different Religious Orders?

What's the difference between a secular priest and an Order priest?

Why do some priests marry?

What is Dogmatism?

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Can you explain the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception?

What is original sin?

It is said there was once a female Pope. Was there?

Why is Latin the language of the Church?

When and Why was the Sabbath changed to Sunday?

Did you ever hear of Theresa Neumann—the stigmatic girl of Konnersreuth?

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# Note the Third Point!

## First Point:

You may not have any  
Money to give away.

## Second Point:

For Charity's sake you may  
be willing to *share the use*  
of your money.

## Third Point:

You can do this nicely in the following  
manner: Lend your money to us at the  
very low rate of 3% for a period of from  
one to five years. This will be *a great help*  
to us in building our new Seminary. You  
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